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THE MIRAGE.

Published by the Senior Class of Lancaster High School.

VOL. I. LANCASTER, OHIO, JUNE, 1910. No. 1

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GERHARD MILLER & CO.

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Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Hats and Furnishings.

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Go where you will, you will not find any Restaurant where Ladies and Children can be treated any better than at the EAGLE. An up-to-date clean dining room, also a well-kept Lunch Counter for Men and Boys.

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We Furnish Your
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Anything from a Knife and Fork to a Piano.

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The two real aristocrats of the watch world are in a class by themselves.

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Sole Distributor of these world famous watches in Lancaster. 125 South Broad Street.

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An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure

Use Purity Spring Water

Delivered in Either Bottles or Jugs.

This water is of remarkable organic purity, equalling that of the celebrated springs, White Rock and Salurian of Waukesha, Wis.

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This water is free from nitrites and colon baccilli. I consider it of remarkable purity.

JAMES A. BEER, A.M., M.D.,
Ohio State University.

E. R. BUTLER, Lancaster, O.

TO

ELLEN HENRY

Whose life of sweet seriousness
was a benediction to us all,
this volume is affection-
ately dedicated.

LANCASTER HIGH

OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

By ELLEN HENRY.

A HOLIDAY, as we often think of it, is a day on which we are freed from our common duties; but a more limited use of the word and the one which we shall take is that of a day set apart from the others by custom or by state or national authority. Now, as to the purpose of these days. To be sure most of them commemorate the doing of some great deed or the birth of a renowned person, but there is a still deeper purpose. They are days on which we should think and days which should be marked by a striving for higher ideals.

Our first holiday, New Years, is of ancient origin and brought to us by custom. It has, in England and Scotland, for many years, been celebrated by games and feasts. It has long been the custom to see the old year out and the new one in. The day is as we term it, a milestone on the road of time. It is the day on which one looks back at the departing year and on to the future one, a time when a mingled feeling of pleasure and seriousness takes possession of us and when we face the future with new determination, saying with Lincoln, "Let us more highly resolve."

And now these next days belong to the American people alone. Two of them, days in February, are the anniversaries of the birth of two men to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this country.

In Virginia, on February twenty-second, in seventeen hundred thirty-two, George Washington, the father of our country, was born. He was only a young man when he gave himself and his labors to be used for his country; and through all his labors and sufferings we see not the least sign of a selfish desire for honor or praise. It was he who first put the wheels of the government in motion.

On the twelfth of February, eighteen hundred nine, Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky. He, contrasted with Washington, was born almost into poverty, but similar to Washington, was born with a strong intellect and a noble heart. By his efforts our country was again freed, this time from the bonds of slavery. Now the observance of these days is not chiefly to do honor to Washington and Lincoln; they do not need it now; but do not the people of today need the example and guidance of the lives of these men as

well as the others needed their labor? And if we think of these lives at all we can not help seeing their virtues beaming forth. They showed by their faitn and trust that the only sure and strong foundation for either an individual or a nation is reliance on the strength and power of God. If we observe these days as true Americans should, we shall certainly feel their influence and go forth better citizens.

At the close of the Civil War there was no rejoicing over the defenseless men, women and children; and no boastful conqueror wearing a wreath of laurel as in olden times. Broadly contrasted with such a scene think of that picture of General Grant at Appomatox standing with his hands behind him, firmly refusing the precious sword of General Lee. Never was such a great war fought and never such a noble one. Each force seemed to be fighting for what it thought right. Neither do the commanders, good and noble, as they were, receive all the glories. But on the thirtieth of May, each year, we recall the many sacrifices and the grave of every man and boy who sacrificed his life for his country, is, if possible marked by some remembrance. We are sure of this much, that as long as a Union or Confederate veteran remains alive, Decoration Day will have the power to appeal to all the patriotism that there may be within us.

And now we approach the great day of Americans, the anniversary of our independence. It was in Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776, that the final Declaration of Independence was signed. John Adams, one of the signers, prophesied that in coming generations the day would be celebrated as an anniversary festival and gave us a famous quotation as to its celebration. He said, "It ought to be commemorated as a day of Deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bon fires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever more." As we think of these words, we come to the conclusion that we have kept very well the latter part of them; but the danger is that we have forgotten the first part and thus have a day degenerating rather then uplifting to our minds and hearts and lessening instead of strengthening our patriotic spirit. But as we look back on that Declaration we find it standing out as one of the grandest monuments in the progress of human freedom.

On the first Monday in September, we celebrate a day for the working men, who have come to have such a great part in American life. It was inaugurated by the Knights of Labor of New York,

holding parades on that day. It was first made a legal holiday in 1887, but now many of the states observe it legally.

And now, although, we think of Thanksgiving as an American holiday, we find that a Thanksgiving Day has existed for many years. Indeed in the Book of Judges we read of how the Canaanites, after they had gathered their harvests, had a day for feasting and praising God; from that a similar day may be traced through all the following ages. We can, nevertheless, justly claim those feast days of the Puritans as the foundation of our American Thanksgiving Day. During the first year of their life in this country they had had discouraging times, but they now had shelter and enough food and thought it their duty to thank God for it.

After the year, 1621, when the first proclamation was issued by Governor Bradford, other governors followed his example. In 1789, Washington, as president, issued a proclamation and other presidents occasionally followed. But it was not till 1864, when President Lincoln appointed the fourth Thursday in November, as an annual Thanksgiving Day that it could be called a national holiday. The thing for the American people to guard, is that we do not keep it merely as a feast day forgetting the true thanks, which we owe to God.

Last of all we come to the great day of all Christian nations, when we celebrate the coming of the Christ to this earth as a little babe. It was many years ago in the little eastern town of Bethlehem, that the King of Men and Son of God was born. As it was his habit to take the best of things which were in the world and remould them to higher uses, we find this day closely linked with the festal days of pagan nations, days when there were feastings and gifts, houses hung with evergreens and a striving for almost universal happiness. The Christians adopted these beautiful old usages merely changing the spirit. Gradually there have been new features entering in and now we have a very important character to the children—the Santa Claus.

We have been accustomed to exchange gifts with friends and to endeavor to make it a day of true happiness. Through it all we should make it our aim to center our minds, at least, for a time during the day, on the true purpose and spirit of the day. When we are willing to forget self and consider the needs and desire of others and are willing "to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world,—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger even than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem over nineteen hundred years ago, is the image and brightness of Eternal Love"—then we are truly keeping Christmas.

The Foot-Ball Boy.

After Whittier.

(By Webb Vorys)

Blessings on thee, little man,
Rough-shod boy with face of tan;
With thy padded pantaloons,
And thy hoarsely shouted tunes,
With thy red lips redder still;
Where some "rough" has tried to kill,
Yet, with sunshine in thy face,
As thou tak'st again thy place;
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once a foot-ball boy.
Prince thou art—no learned grace,
Can aspire to take thy place;
Let base learning call in vain,
Thou hast glory to attain,
Thou hast gains, which must be run,
Thou hast games, which must be won,
Outward glory, inward joy,
Blessings on thee Foot-Ball Boy.
Oh, great joy for little pain,
Oh, the honors that you gain,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned in schools;
Of the runs around the end,
Of the goal you must defend,
Straight buck, cross buck, forward pass,
Plays now scattered—now en masse;
How to block and how to fall,
How to carry on the ball;
Where the signals quickly call,
When and where to use your skill,
When you make a doctor bill;
Which is weakest in the fray,
Where to send another play;
Where you can make one more gain
And in joy forget all pain;
When to call aloud for time,
'Ere you buck across the line,
Making plays without a name,
Till all other sports seem tame;
For eschewing book and task;
Rule books answer all you ask;
Pride of victory now beams,—
From your heart a letter gleams,
Part and parcel of your joy,
Blessings on thee Foot-Ball Boy.

ADVERTISING.

By Luaretta Harbison.

WE have all read during the last few years in various magazines of the "Beautiful American Crusade" against offensive advertising. The thought was originated by the American Civic Association for the purpose of fighting the defacements of our landscapes and thus beautifying America. Beauty, we know in many parts of the world is an asset of very highest value. Switzerland has become rich, not because of its soil, but because of its landscapes. A country can make no better and surer investment than to secure beauty of arrangement and environment and also ample grounds for pleasure and recreation. This obnoxious method of advertising of which I have spoken, is objected to by anyone who has given it a second thought. It is objected to by the police officials, who say that bill boards are a menace to the li fe, health and property of the country. They are also unsanitary because behind these one usually finds rubbish of all kinds. (One city Memphis, made it a law that all bill boards should be built three feet above ground.) Value of real estate is often decreased because of these offensive boards. Moral agencies object to them because they are used to advertise sensational plays, liquor, tobacco, etc. They are also objected to because they obscure the beautiful scenery and detract from the beauties of nature.

It is said that advertising in this manner is merely a habit, as far as the advertisor is concerned. He is persuaded by the sign man and yields to his persuasion. One advertising agent says: "Bill board advertising is of the poorest quality as far as the results are concerned and no critical advertisers who require tests to show value, continue to use the signs along the railroads, and in other so called good locations. I believe sign money is money wasted." Why not take this money that is probably wasted in such a manner and advertise through the papers and mails, which in the long run, is much more reasonable and profitable?

What of Lancaster and this county? What of our business men and their attitude toward this proposition?

Why not beautify our town and join this crusade against ugliness? Surely Lancaster could not be better situated, surrounded as it is with its beautiful hills and fertile valley. Ours is a great opportunity

but it seems necessary just to make men realize that attractive country and town beauty are true economy.

Which community attracts a population of a permanent and desirable character? Isn't it the one with the tree lined streets, offering an inducement for wholesome, out door life, rather than the factory town, whose ugliness drives its citizens into the saloons?

What is there in our town to impress a stranger? Do loose papers litter our streets and parks? Have the signmen been permitted to tack upon our fences, trees and houses their ugly announcements? Look at the entrances to our city by railroad and drive. Are they pleasing, or do they show to the stranger the worst of our community? There was once a time, when in the radius of ten or fifteen miles of Lancaster one could drive and see an unmarred picture of nature, which was a delight to the eye and a rest for the mind. We can't say this today. Everywhere our eyes meet offensive signs, offensive especially because they obscure nature.

The Earl of Balcarries says: "What we claim is that the landscape does not belong to the man who chooses to pay a few shillings for it per annual, but it is an asset of the people at large. The same principal applies to open space and places."

After such a statement, do we not feel that we owe it to the sense of our city pride to blot out the extravagant and offensive posters spread over our fences and walls?

As we walk through our wide streets and admire the beautiful homes with their surrounding lawns, we feel indeed that we have something to be proud of until we come to an unsightly signboard inserted between two of these well kept homes. This is probably erected before a vacant lot and usually to obscure that which .s behind it. Why not clean up and beautify these vacant lots and not merely conceal what we are ashamed of by no less objectionable bill boards? Besides these we have other obnoxious signs. Until recently, even Mount Pleasant, the standing stone of the Red Men, has failed to escape, and its noble front has been marred by a blot of black and white paint.

Then our beautiful drives, for which the county is noted. We start out forgetting the sordid side of life and are admiring the beauties of nature. Here is a green meadow, dotted over with stately trees, through it flows a brook, and beyond are grazing cattle, and still in a most prominent place, a wooden man carrying a suit case, hurrying to some store for bargains. How our thoughts drop to the

commercial side of life and what a pity to have our landscape so marred.

On the Sugar Grove road, which is a favorite drive for us all, stands a particularly stately rock, which was once covered with little ferns and mosses, but the last time we saw our old friend these sturdy little plants had given place to an unsightly sign.

We see our fine and productive farms with their palatial homes, fine buildings and beautiful fields marred by a great sign taking up the most prominent side of the barn and detracting so much from its beauty. We wonder that one who takes such pride and spends so much time in beautifying his home, would see it marred by such ugly blots.

Let us determine a way to rid ourselves of these nuisances. First we might erect a town bulletin board upon which proper signs and notices could be posted. In beginning an effort for bill board removal it is best first to make a courteous request to the owner of the property upon which the sign exists. Tell him of the general growing feeling that they are offensive to good taste, poor advertising and the purpose. This method has been used in many cities and has been a great success. If bill boards were licensed, it would bring greater revenue to the city and probably reduce the number of those which disfigure some of the most attractive parts. Get an attorney to prepare an ordinance or town law taxing bill boards and placing them under city control.

These ideas can be carried out in our city as successfully as in any other. The bill board is being attacked on every side, by the police officials, sanitarian, business man and lover of civic beauty, but one must not think that objectionable bill boards and offensive bill postings will quietly retire from the field, for their owners are leaving no stone unturned to protect and advance their interests. The fight when undertaken, will be a bitter one.

Do you not think it is our duty as progressive citizens, to do as other cities are doing and abolish these destroyers of beauty? Our citizens should join this crusade and have civic pride enough to improve our town and make it really "Beautiful Lancaster."

Fairfield County Chapter of the
Ohio Genealogical Society
P. O. Box 1470
Lancaster, Ohio 43130-0570

HUMOR FOR EVERY DAY

By J. F. HAWK.

"There are dimples enough in the cheeks of laughter to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief."

SEVERAL humorous instances in chapel during the past year have suggested that I could, with profit, use the subject of Humor and show its great value in our every day activities. Therefore I will take as the text the only two passages in the Bible that can by any strength of the immagination be considered humorous: II Chronicles, 16th chapter and 12th verse, and this passage from Job: "And Job cursed—the day he was born.". We are familiar with the Harvard boy, 11 years of age, who is delivering lectures on abstract subjects to his professors, but outside of the incident cited we have never heard of profane language being used on one's first birthday.

Those are both examples of unconscious humor. You remember when our worthy principal announced the examinations—the time, place, etc., then said: "We'll sing page 229." With heavy hearts we turned to the number and were surprised to find these words: "Abide with me.....when other helpers fail and comforts flee, help of the helpless, Lord abide with me." That bit of unconscious humor helped to take the raw edge off the impending crisis and sent us all to work with joyful hearts.

The following exposition brings out most clearly the point I wish to make:

Humanity looping the loop as it slips on the banana peel of chance is the cause of that inextinguishable laughter that reverberates from Mt. Olympus to Broadway and from the White House to the humblest home.

Humor is the sauce that gives life its flavor. It is mirth that keeps us sane.

The tragic is ridiculious because it has no sense of proportion. The tragic view measures man against man; the comic measures man against the universe. The one records the collisions of personality: the other records the impact of the mischievious molecule against the irrevocable. The tragic view is defective because it takes itself too seriously and bombards time and eternity with its whimperings.

CLASS OF 1918

The comic view is perfect because it takes nothing seriously and impales the inevitable on a smile.

What is it that made $260,000 for the originator of Billiken, that little barefooted fellow who went the length and breadth of this country and brought home the golden harvest for his originator? It is because the heart of humanity is always hungry for a smile. Billiken says: "I force the failure to his feet, I make the growler grin, I am the god of happiness, my name is Billiken."

So essential is humor to a well balanced individual that Dr. Eliot has given it a prominent place in the religion of the future. He says the new religion will have more laughter in it. It will be a religion of love, of work, service, sanitation, deep breathing, broad thinking, good food and above all laughter, cheerfulness and contentment.

Mark Twain, the king of a nation of humorists, knew better than any one how to turn a frown into a smile. Notice his treatment of the bitterness attending a wet-dry fight. A community is divided against itself, friendships are broken, customers lost, and a general feeling of distrust and ill will prevails. Into a situation like that Mark Twain injects a bit of his characteristic humor:

> "I am a friend of temperance, and I want it to succeed, but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans you see, prevent it. Look at them! They have just invented a way of making brandy out of saw dust. Now what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy mashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get the delirium tremens by drinking the legs off his kitchen table?"

You pupils think the grading of examination papers an irksome task. To be sure, there is the monotonous grind of the same questions, the same mistake and the tedious hours under high pressure. But there is another side. Listen to these answers from your latest examinations:

> The reason Irving was so interested in Charlecot Estate was because they were going to move the bones to Westminister Abbey.

> The Normans and Saxons were no relation at all unless they married each other.

> Bryant wrote the Conquest of Grandpa.

An idyll is when one trys to be the same as another person.

When a student does not know the answer to a question, he does one of three things. If he is a good student he will simply leave a blank space on the paper, while if he is not he will either try to bluff it through or else pass it off as a joke. These latter cases are rare. Occasionally, however, there will be a real gem, which does the student good by putting the teacher in a good humor and so make him unconsciously mark the paper less severely. I came across two such gems recently in the papers of a college English class. One question was: "Who was St. Bruno?" to which the student replied: "St Bruno was a great Dane, the brother of St. Bernard." The other question was: "What was the differfence between the major prophets and the minor prophets?" This time he answered: "It would be sacrilege for me, a miserable sinner, to make invidious comparisons between such holy men."

Examination papers are truly a source of humor. Other sources are children's questions and answers, girls' gossip, the Irish and other nationalities from the American standpoint, puns, mother-in-law jokes, dreams of going to heaven, country life from the city standpoint, occasional stuff such as is brought out by the North Pole controversy or the high-cost-of-living campaign, animal conversations and so forth, ad infinitum.

A mother asked her little son what become of the jelly that was in the pantry. In a non-cimmital way the young diplomat answered: "I think it is with the cookies that were on the sideboard."

"Papa," asked a little fellow one evening. "Why do they call our language the Mother Tongue?" "I'll tell you my son" answered the father after a cautious glance to assure himself that the head of the house was nowhere near. "It is because your mother is the only one around here who gets a chance to use it."

Examples of girls' gossip are endless. Here is one however, that can be used to illustrate my point. "So Jack and Gwendolyn are married. Can he support her in the way she has been accustomed to live?" And the answer comes back. "Support her! Why he can't even support himself in the way she had been accustomed to see him while he was courting her."

The Irish have borne the brunt of more jokes and originated more real humor by far than any other nationality. They raraly commit suicide because they have a philosophy of living in which

is mixed a generous portion of humor that no circumstance, however tragic, completely overthrows their balance. It is mirth that keeps us sane and suicide is temporary insanity. The Irish know how to impale the inevitable on a smile. This story the authenticity of which I cannot vouch for, will serve as an illustration. A Frenchman took his Irish mechanic along one day for a trial flight in an aeroplane. At the height of about four thousand feet a wing broke and the machine and its occupants started for the earth at a rapidly increasing rate. After vainly clutching lever after lever in an attempt to stop the mad flight, the operator turned to the mechanic and asked hopelessly: "Pat, do you think the Lord is with us?" The ready answer came back. "Well, if he is he's goin' some."

The pun has been called the cheapest form of wit, yet it is in common use, even the immortal Shakespeare has recourse to it when he has the Porter say to the Tailor: "Come in Tailor, here you may roast your goose!"

A young fellow had received a diamond ring for Christmas and was being teased about it , his friends saying the stone was not genuine, that it was only paste. "Well, I don't care. If it is paste I'm not stuck—it didn't cost me anything," was the prompt retore.

City folks have always felt the divine right as it were, of poking fun at the ruralite. Whether justly so or not is a matter of some question. In our own high school, where we have a fair representation of both, an impartial judge would find great difficulty in awarding the Stupidity Prize to the up-country folk. Somehow or other, when note books are called for, the rural precincts are first heard from, the Hooker Station themes show more coherence, and the Sugar Grove problem is driven to a more prompt and logical solution. The country boy comes to the city and makes good, while Archibald stands on the corner rolling a fresh cigarette and takes an extra turn in the bottom of his trousers, wondering how it all happened. As a flare-back to the time when conditions were not thus, let me quote a news item from a nearby paper: "Jack Binks took the sheet iron thunderstorm from the Amandy Opery House to fix the boiler on his saw mill and the drama has received quite a set-back in these parts." Humor, you see, is often a matter of viewpoint.

Time and chance have produced the great men of all ages, so does the occasion bring out its ridiculous side. A political campaign is seasoned with fun to molify the unreasonableness of a struggle of strong men. The North Pole discovery (?) was almost all farce. The suffragette agitation is not so funny—at times. Cannon's fight

in the National Congress was a very feast for one who could enjoy a good joke cleverly turned. The grim humor of that old reprobate, whom Carrie Nation said should apologize for being out of the Inforno, with one thumb in his vest sarcastically proclaiming himself the "Beelzebub of Congress," is but one of many sublimo—rediculous situations in the Insurgent struggle. Also while we paid $100,000 to Cook for the Pole, nevertheless, he indirectly furnished gratis a volume of mirth that has greatly added to our length of days.

When big affairs like those are lacking to woo us from our morbid selves, the professional Joke-man turns to the things of nature and endows animals and insects with personalities and speech. To illustrate—two flies lit on a man's head. The man was not very bald, but yet he hadn't the hair he used to have. And as the two flies walked side by side down the part, the daddy fly said to his grandson: "My boy, I remember when this avenue was only a foot path."

Lack of time forbids my continuing this analysis. If the world is a vale of tears, it is our own fault. The Omnipotent surely never meant it to be so. Humor—good and wholesome—should not be a thing set apart. Like art, it should be a part of our every day's activity. The humor, however, must be clean; it must not be at the expense of an aged person or of sacred things, nor must it hold up to ridicule a physical deformity or misfortune of another.

No one loves a grouch. He can't be trusted, for he is dishonest with himself when he cheats himself of the joy of living. The sour view is defective; the comic view is perfect because it impales the inevitable on a smile. So let's smile our way through this world. A laugh will force the failure to his feet, will make the growler grin, so says the god of happiness, his name is Billiken.

CHILDREN OF LABOR

By HELEN BENNER.

YEARS ago, the women of Rome were invited to display their jewels before a large audience. When these assembled, brilliantly arrayed, and exhibited their jewels and precious stones, the people stared in wild-eyed astonishment. Presently one woman stepped forth, wearing no jewels, but placing her two sons before her, presented them to the audience saying, "these are my jewels." Now should we wonder that in after years these two boys became the two great men who led the Roman empire? Thoughtfully and intelligently they were reared, educated and cared for by their mother until they were fit to take up the cares and responsibilities of life and the nation. Thus must a nation educate, uplift and protect its children if it hopes to obtain a firm basis in the future.

Children are one of the potent elements of happiness in the world today. Page after page of history is devoted to the children of the past. Poetry of the past and present time deals with the prattle and songs of child-hood. Even the great teacher of men, when he walked on earth, did not forget the little child at his feet. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." What would the home be today without the child? Take the child from literature and from the home and what is left? Now let us learn to appreciate their value and not ruin their young lives by pushing them into the noisy, busy world of industry and labor.

Child-labor of the past and the present are two different problems. In the first instance the child is sent into the mills the mines and the factories for the purpose of learning a trade. For then the machinery was more simple and conditions not so bad. And the boy when he had gained sufficient knowledge of his books was placed in a shop along with several older men, from whom he was to learn their trade. People passing the shop looked and exchanged a friendly greeting or stopped to chat by the door. Work was not so pressing as to demand constant attention and never ceasing labor. Nowadays this same child is sent into the hives of industry to become an integral part of the machine and as such, is looked upon with no personal regard whatever, beyond what his productive capacity will bring forth.

However, the attention of the working men should be called to the evil which will arise from the homicidal step they are taking in forcing their immature children into the labor market. Undoubtedly the working men are largely at fault in this matter. They not only permit, but insist that their children should leave the public schools to go to work. They are thus not only perpetrating a crime, but they are imperilling the safety of the republic by stunting the mental growth of their children and forcing upon the community a large class of illiterates.

Under modern conditions these children become the employees of a large corporation at an early age and their whole environment is that of a particular class. They derive their sustenance from the mill or factory and in turn as consumers are fed by the corporation. Finally they are buried in a corporation grave-yard.

Instances are cited wherein the employment of the father and mother depends entirely upon the number of working children to be obtained in the family circle. A weaver made application for work and was refused from the fact that he was a single man. The next applicant was a man with a wife and five children and they were all employed at once. They were valuable to the employer from the fact that the entire family were workers as well as consumers.

Large numbers of boys are employed in the roaring, dirty coal breakers, picking the slate from the coal and yet this labor could be largely dispensed with by the introduction of the automatic slate-pickers, should the coal-operator see fit. It may be possible that the flesh and blood machines are cheaper than the automatic ones and are so held by the coal-operators which would account for their limited use. Breaker-boys at the coal mines receive from five to ten cents an hour, and the majority about eight cents—these boys are from twelve to fifteen years old. Accidents to the boy mine-workers are of daily occurrence—many of them of a fatal nature.

Do not imagine that little girls are forgotten in the Anthracite villages and towns any more than they are elsewhere—for they too have their monetary value as wealth-producers and consumers, and various silk-mills have been established which employ them.

When we consider the poor wages paid to girls, the dreadful physicial strain and oftimes deformity that the work in these hives of industry causes, when the girl's mirror tells that she is budding into womanhood, that she is pretty and the soul wearing work along the clashing, and clanging of machinery, will spoil her face, ruin her health, cripple and distort her hands—is it any wonder that some of these pretty ones prefer an easier—a worse life?

During the year 1901, the age limit was fixed at fourteen years, and each child must secure a permit; but many parents are imbued with the idea that when a child arrives at the age of fourteen, regardless of its preparations for the duties of life, it must at once go to work. Large numbers of permits are issued in this way the very month that the child arrives at the required age, and many on their birthday. Parents over anxious to place their children at work, will argue against and even abuse those whose duty it is to issue the permits. The educational test requires at least the elementary knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography. Many times the child is unable to perform the simplest sum in arithmetic, and it is plain to be seen, that the pittance resulting from the child's labor is the prevailing motive for employment at this early age.

The state of North Carolina has not attempted any legislation regulating child-labor, notwithstanding the fact that there are employed in its cotton and woolen mills three thousand boys, and over four thousand girls, whose period of labor ranges from ten to twelve hours per day.

The western states furnish various assortments of laws. In California, no child under the age of ten years, is permitted to go to work in any factory, workshop or mercantile establishment. In Colorado, it is unlawful to employ a child under the age of fourteen years unless it has attended school at least twelve weeks during the year.

Such laws as relate to child-labor, like most of the labor laws in the revised statutes of the various states, are so held up by provisos that they are of little effect, even when an attempt is made to enforce them.

Many people do not believe that any laws should be passed, regulating any of the social, or industrial affairs, which can be settled by our own common sense, and by mutual agreement. But let us consider one instance of child-labor, that of a minor who was a cripple, having been in a mine accident, who had a daughter fifteen years of age, at work in one of the silk mills, on $2.10 per week for full time and another little girl of thirteen, receiving $1.80 per week. These children were compelled by the necessity of the parent to work out their young lives in this manner for those pitiful sums; two lives for $3.90, in a civilized community.

What would be our estimate of a man's character, were he to stop in the walks of life to rob a child of candy or pennies? Yet

our nation is committing a worse crime against its children, by snatching away the bloom of health from their cheeks, and replacing it with the pale, wan one, of the little child penned up all day in the noisy, busy factory. The song of the bird and the soft rippling of the water are replaced by the clashing and clanging of machinery. The bare-footed boy of Whittler, and the happy group at Dicken's fire-side, are carried away and placed at work in the dirty coal mines and mercantile establishments of today. Longfellow's brave Alice and laughing Allegra are at work at this hour in some silk-mill or factory of our cities for the sum of $1.80 per week.

Have they no value beyond this for us? And must they perish for the want of that opportunity, which belongs to all child-life? Can not our nation, with all its wealth, give these little children a better chance in life?

A Toast.

(By Dorothy Bell Whiley)

To the jolliest girl in the Freshmen crew,
I'll not name her, for she mightn't suit you;
Like a dear little book worm twice as sedate,
Whom you've chosen long since for your own true play mate.

And mightn't she be,
Just the very one for thee;
While perhaps the other's the better for me?

To the prettiest girl in the Sophomore class,
I'll not name her, for the prettiest lass
To one, to another might not compare.
With the sweet, bashful school maid not half so fair.

And mightn't she be,
Just the very one for thee;
While perhaps the other's the better for me?

To the stunuingest girl in the Junior bunch,
I'll not name her, for that isn't "my hunch;"
To you she might seem not even worth while
When placed by your choice with not half her style.

But mightn't she be,
Just the very one for thee;
While perhaps the other's the better for me?

To the most charming girl in the Senior crowd,
I'll not name the one before whom I've bowed;
For while she's the one I've picked from the rest,
Perhaps to another your love you've confessed.

And mightn't she be,
Just the very one for thee;
While perhaps the other's the better for me?

THE FACULTY

THE MIRAGE.

Published by the Senior Class of Lancaster High School,
Lancaster, Ohio, June, 1910.

Editor-in-Chief, ... Mabel Clare Smith
Assistants:
Elise Durain. Dorothy Whiley. Charles Drinkle. Francis Wright
Business Managers, ... Boyd Abbott and Ralph Acton

EDITORIAL

About the first week in February, when the dreaded examinations were over and the groundhog, having seen his shadow, retired to his subterranean home, we settled down to rest and quiet and hoped to enjoy six more weeks of winter sport. But alas, for our dreams! They were only a "mirage." Some one has said there is no rest for the wicked and this staff is able to testify that the proverb is only too true.

One day the editor of this paper going to her desk to get some articles which were ready for publication, found to her surprise that they were not there. Thinking the associate editors were playing some kind of a practical joke, she went to them for further information. But to her consternation, they too knew nothing of the matter. Then a search did ensue. First Mr. McCracken, Miss Davidson and other mischievously inclined members of the faculty were questioned, but they succeeded in establishing their innocence. Of course, our worthy principal was spared this cross examination for who would ever attach blame to so demure a person as he? Well, we commenced with the roof and searched downward; but all to no purpose. There were no traces of the missing material. Now, we thought the matter so serious that His Highness had to be bothered with it. Immediately he advised looking in the furnace room. So we rushed down stairs and sure enough the mystery began slowly to unravel. While it is our private opinion that the Wise One knew more of the dark secret than he would ever confess, we feel that the following solution is the one to be given to the general public:

The poor motor had been ailing all winter. In fact, it was so poorly that it broke down and had to rest for a week. Mr. Bloom,

feeling sorry for the poor thing, doctored it and doctored it and was running up an enormous doctor bill and yet it was not improving. There was just one thing he had not tried and that was feeding it intellectual food. And, seeing these pages filled with the most learned and polished verse, his only thoughts were for the beloved motor and consequently our entire amount of material went up in smoke.

A characteristic of the class of 1910 is their ability to retire gracefully from an awkward situation. So we wish to extend a vote of thanks to our janitor. Although we mourn for our lost pages, we appreciate the comfort of keeping warm and we feel that the student body should be grateful to us for the pleasure of studying in a well heated building. But, kind reader, we ask this one favor. When you are searching these pages for something you feel should be here and is not, just remember that we did our best to replace what was lost, and be very lenient with your criticisms.

An interest has been manifested of late in a line of work that should have even more encouragement than it is receiving. We refer to the matter of public speaking. For years, it has been the custom to have essays and orations delivered by the members of the graduating class on commencement day, but aside from that nothing was done. An advance step was made when the first play was presented as a feature of the class day exercises.

Five years ago our school became one of a number which formed a league for the holding of annual oratorical contests with a representative from each school. While a member of that league, our school was represented twice, once by Adale Aten, '07, and again by Russell Driver, '08. On both occasions we were justly proud. It is unfortunate indeed that this organization has been abandoned.

For two years the members of the upper classes gave frequent rhetoricals. To this custom may be attributed a good share of the ability seen in the recent production of the class of 1910. For the past year our public performances have taken a more popular form and several interesting and instructive entertainments have been the result. A debate of unusual merit has been given and some dramatic work put on the platform of which none need be ashamed.

When we see such large results coming from such a small expenditure of training, it leads us to speculate as to what heights we might gain should we all, teachers and taught, work together to forward the forensic and dramatic interests of our school.

It is true, the world over, that the many suffer for the mistakes and crimes of the few. We need not go far for an example of this. Here in Lancaster, we, as a student body, are held up to ridicule because of the faithless few. You may say that the people that criticize us are those who have not been educated and see no value in a High School education; those who think that we are merely wasting four years of our lives.

Even if this is so, why can we not show them their mistake? We do not seem to be able to do this. Why is it? It is because of the few who do really waste four years in High School and who are taken as representatives of the entire school.

These few lower our reputation among the business men by idling their time in the many loafing places about the city and even the girls assist in it by running the streets and making themselves too conspicuous in public places. "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Our reputation is no better than the reputation of the weakest member of the student body for it is the nature of the human race to see only the evil and overlook the good.

As a school, we must expect to take our share of such unjust criticism. Criticism there will be as long as the world is, but let us see to it that we do not deserve the criticism. By this method, soon the few who cause our reputation to be lowered, will become so powerless that the citizens of Lancaster will look upon the High School not as a well-heated perfectly-lighted elegantly-equipped loafing place for idlers, but as the home and work-shop of the honorable citizens of the future.

There are three methods of government prevalent in the High Schools today—one, the military system, where the teacher and the code of rules represent absolute authority; another, the method of student government, where as the name implies the pupils make the executive judicial and legislative bodies; and the third, a medium between the other two in which the teacher acts as a guide and the pupil bases his conduct largely on his own ideas of right and wrong. The last named has been in effect in our school during the present administration.

The Senior Class this year made an experiment in the matter of student government. They were given full control of their classromm and elected a student committee as a governing body with power to act in all cases of discipline.

For, perhaps a month, the experiment was successful and all

went well. But as time passed, more and more carelessness developed until at the close of the year small vestige of the honor system remained. Must we say that the trial resulted in failure? Shall we admit that more was undertaken than pupils with immature judgment could enforce? Did the members of the Senior Class lack the self control necessary for the success of such a movement? Humiliating as the confession is, it must be made.

Now, as to the cause of the failure. Allow us to suggest that the first requiste for the success of such a movement is the hearty co-operation of all the students themselves. This we did not have. Again, there must be an attitude of seriousness maintained. Such an undertaking is not a joke and should not be considered so by any of the participants.

Lastly, we would recommend a complete suspension of all other means of government on the part of the teachers. The methods which are used in the cases of the under-classmen such as the giving of deportment grades, detention after school, etc., should be done away with and all the governing power be vested in the honor committee.

We should not like to think that with this one trial the matter of student government in the Lancaster High School will pass into oblivion. We hope rather that some enterprising class will take it up in the future and profiting by our mistakes, push it through to ultimate success.

ALUMNI NOTES

By MISS ANNA DAVIDSON.

"What is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever," commencement days come.

There are reasons and reasons in this world. Often, no doubt, we would be very much surprised, if we knew the real motive for a person's actions.

Once, a young lady, who had not reached the "anybody" stage, having two suitors, equal in all other particulars, even in her own regard, save in the height of the collar worn, married the man who wore the higher collar.

Again, a girl, at the time of her brother's commencement said: "You can be sure I am going to graduate; just look at all the presents Charlie got."

There might be several reasons more commendable than hers for graduating. However, some people are born to graduate, some achieve graduation and some have it thrust upon them.

Let the motive be as high as possible, but at all events graduate.

"Lives of these who've stopped remind us,
That way lies an easy time;
But we want to impress those left behind us,
How we have improved our mind!"
With apologies to Shakespeare.

To graduate, or not to graduate, that is the question:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer,
The slams and knocks of outrageous lessons,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by quitting end them.—To quit,—to study,—
No more; and by quitting to end
The headache and the thousand natural shocks,
That scholars are heir to,—'tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wish'd.
To quit? Perchance to work;—ay, there's the rub;
To wash, to iron, to sweep and maybe scrub,
For even in our long vacation,
We sometimes work beyond our expectation.

There's the respect
That makes school of such long life,
For who on foot would plod with Caesar and Cicero,—
The L. H. S. ponies ran away you know—
When he himself might pleasure take,
At the Country Club,
But that the dread of real work
Makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than run the risk of those we know not of!
Thus conscience does make alumni of us all.

Miss Etta Kauffman of Columbus, Ohio, an L. H. S. Alumnus, is making a tour of the world.

Mrs. J. H. Long, nee Catherine Clark, of '06, spent the past year in New Haven, enjoying life in that center of culture.

Miss Hettie Thomas, '95, a missionary of Nagasaki, Japan, is at home for a year, resting from her duties and recuperating her health.

Dr. Clark Axline, '97, one of our prominent young physicians, obeyed the scriptural injunction and took unto himself a wife, Miss Abbie Simon. They reside on East Wheeling, corner of Mt. Pleasant Avenue.

Mr. Harry Gillespie, '97, has joined the benedicts. At home at St. Louis.

Miss Flora Fosler, '98, an efficient teacher of the Lancaster Public Schools, sails for Europe, June 18, for a several months' tour. While there, she will witness the "Passion Play."

The friendships of school days are strong ties. Miss Edith Longnecker of Redlands, California, and Mr. Boyce Whiley of Lancaster, Ohio, both of the class of '92, were wedded last fall. They now are at home to their friends near the Camp Grounds.

Mrs. Drew Whitaker, nee Leota Wetzel, '97, has been traveling through many cities and states, but says "Lancaster is best." Another loyal L. H. S. Alumnus.

Miss Margaret Clarke, '08, is making a tour of the the Eastern States. She will spend some time with her sister and visit various other points of interest.

Miss Edna Axline, one of our successful teachers, gave up her work last summer to become the wife of Dr. Lantz of West Lancaster.

Miss Ethel Gillespie, '08, became Mrs. Glen Crumley last Christmas tide, and is charmingly located four miles west of Lancaster.

Miss Edna McCleery, '03, having completed her college course and received her degree, is now a valued addition to the teaching force of Lancaster High School.

Mr. Edgar Henry, '95, will spend the summer with his mother, west of this city.

Mr. Morton Clover, '93, is located in Detroit, chief chemist with Park Davis drug house.

Hon. A. I. Vorys. '74, with his interesting family, has located in Columbus, Ohio. This man of affairs is an earnest, active, enthusiastic member of the Alumnal Association of Lancaster High School.

Mrs. Abbott, Rose Keller, '95, of California, spent the winter with her parents. She was warmly welcomed by her many friends in Lancaster.

Mrs. Simmons, Rose Magee, '93, of New Orleans, spent the winter with relatives in the city.

Mr. James Ditto, '95, will greet you with a happy smile at Lazarus' Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Anna Junkerman, now of Columbus, Ohio, devoted this last winter to a course in art.

Mr. Willis Henterly, '08, is filling a responsible business position in Springfield, Ohio.

Mrs. Frank Kilbourne, Mary Carty, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is another L. H. S. Alumnus, who expects to be present at the Alumnal Banquet, 1910.

Miss Helen Whiley, '05, graduates from Vassar, June eighth, 1910. L. H. S. was her first Alma Mater.

Miss Madge E. McCoy, '98, is a successful teacher in the Malta High School.

L. D. Thomas, '93, Musical Director of Lancaster High School, is the prould father of one of the sweetest bits of femininity—a song bird of great promise.

Miss Muriel Neal is in Columbus, Ohio, continuing her study of music.

Mrs. Arthur Pearce, Elizabeth Scanlan, '90, formerly of Columbus, is now residing in Toledo, Ohio.

THE CLASS OF 1909.

"Lulled in countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

Because of the desire of each member of the class of 1909, to retain the cordial relationships, which existed during school days and to keep those pleasures fresh in memory, it was thought best to organize the class permanently.

At a meeting held on June eleventh, nineteen hundred nine, it was decided to hold a yearly reunion and the following officers were elected:

President, Frank McClintock; secretary, Karl Morris; treasurer, Harry Jackson; executive committee, Floy Shallenberger, Adele Miller, Frank McClintock, Karl Morris and Elwood Butler.

The suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Butler has been selected as the meeting place for 1910, and it is hoped that a large number will be present.

Charles Brashares has entered Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and has been very successful in his work there. He was chosen as one of three to represent his class in the annual Sophomore-Freshman Debate and of course, was on the winning side.

Hazel Wolcott is now living in Cleveland. She visited the High School at Christmas time.

Harry Jackson, Karl Morris, Vernon Mondhank, Edward Blackman, Bess Hammock, Mary Elizabeth Mechling and Elsie Smith are wielding the birch in various places over the county.

Karl Eyman is taking a course in Ohio Wesleyan University.

Mary Frame, soon after her graduation, moved to her former home in Cambridge, Ohio.

Mary Hyle is employed at the dry goods store of R. Hughey & Co.

Walter Marshall, Scott Courtwright and Bertram Waters may be found working in the Ohio State University.

Adele and Isabel Miller have spent a pl asant year at home.

Mabel Barr has entered upon college work at Oxford.

Frank McClintock has accepted a position with the Southern Pacific Railroad in Nevada and departed for his new home early in April.

Elwood Butler is still "on the water wagon."

—R. H. '09.

CLASS OF 1911

The Bells.

(Sympathy Extended to E. Poe.)

Hear the loud alarm bells,
  Warning bells!
What a world of solemn thought
  Their monody compels.
How they tell of things to come,
How they fairly strike us dumb,
With the mass of coming duty
  That their ringing now fortells!
For the things left to be done,
Put an end to all our fun,
And we study harder—harder,
As the calling to us swells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
  Bells, bells;
Of the ringing and the singing
  Of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells,
  Tardy bells;
What a tale of terror now,
  Ther turbulency tells!
When we hear the cursed tapper,
How we wish we'd swiped the clapper,
For we think of coming "speeches,"
That our tardiness compels;
And we swear, swear, swear,
As we mount upon the stair;
And we think of how that bell,
Might have waited, but-ah-hell,
Damm the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
  Bell, bell;
And we put another curse upon
  The bell.

Hear the glad dismissal bells,
  Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their
  Harmony foretells!
At the joyous hour of three,
When the bell will set us free;
We will shout aloud the praises
  That its melody compels.
And we put our books away,
Freed from care for one more day;
Then we think, although we've cursed,
And we've hated it—still—well,
Bless the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
  Bell, bell;
And our voices all unite in "Hail the bell!"

W. I. V.

ELLEN HENRY.

This school year has been one of great irregularity. We have been called upon to adjust ourselves to a number of hard conditions. An entirely new experience, however, was that of February 21, when the sudden death of Ellen Henry, of the class 1910, was reported to us. This was Monday. On the preceding Friday, Ellen had left her work, expecting to take it up again this day. Her face was bright and her hopes for the future such as are entertained by every good girl. But she was not to return to us. She attended the service at the Presbyterian church on Sabbath evening and was run down by a Hocking Valley train when returning to her home. Her death was to the entire High School a shock such as was never before experienced. When announcement was made the class of 1910, was dismissed for the day, not merely out of respect, but primarily because work was impossible.

Ellen was a good girl and an excellent student and the class of 1910 feel keenly so great a loss.

That which occupied much of Ellen's thought during the last weeks of her life was the essay published by her classmates in this issue. Her last school act was its rehearsal and she was to deliver it publicly on the Thursday which never came.

In Memoriam.

JOHN TRAFFORD SHAFFER.

Class of 1912.

November 21, 1893. March 20, 1910.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Class of 1913.

August 21, 1895. May 6, 1910.

"Into the eternal shadows,
That gird our life around,
Into the infinite silence,
Wherewith Death's shore is bound!
Thou hast gone forth, beloved!
And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's billows,
And dost possess the Deep."

CLASS HISTORY.

THE CLASS OF THE WHITE AND GOLD.

AGAIN it is June, the month of roses, brides and graduates. As we are neither roses nor brides, we must be graduates. Yes, we are, indeed; we are the graduates of Lancaster High, the class of 1910. We are now where so many have been before us and in reality, our graduation is but a variation of an old strain set in tune many years go.

Four years have come and gone. We have labored and toiled, endeavoring to conquer that fearful monster, Learning. Yet our struggle was ever pleasant, and although our ranks have been sadly thinned, we are at last victorious, and stand upon the highest pinnacle possible to be reached in High School.

How well do we remember that bright September day in 1906, and that varied assembly of eager boys and girls, gathered together from the four corners of the city, and even beyond, out of the rural districts. 'Twas a formidable band, eighty-six strong, the largest that had ever enlisted. When we first assembled in the spacious auditorium, we very naturally felt rather timid and insignificant in the presence of those so much wiser and more experienced than we. However, when left alone to the tender mercies of Miss Lowrie and Miss Curtiss, we gradually regained our self-confidence; and under the directons of those worthy guides, we were soon at work, laying the foundation of our illustrious career.

The faculty at that time numbered seven. Mr. Cassidy was superintendent. Mr. Brashares, we found in the capacity of principal and mathematician. Mr. Thomas, we were told would instruct us in German. We failed to find him in his room, but learned he was returning from a tour in "Der Vaterland." Miss Davidson beamed upon us, fresh and bright, from behind the musty ruins of ancient Greece and Rome. Upstairs we heard Miss Curtiss explaining the mysteries of the dreaded Latin nouns and verbs and sounding the praises of her beloved Caesar, Cicero and Virgil. A glimpse into the regions of the laboratory, revealed that bright-eyed genius, Mr. Weinland, apparently engrossed in scientific research. Last, but not least, we soon learned to respect the slightest wish of Miss Lowrie as she "told, retold, and retold again" the importance of mastering our mother tongue. Thus we labored through the long months of our freshman year. Nothing unusual occurred to mark our advancing experience, except, perhaps, the remarkable records made in our class.

All too quickly the summer months flew by and again we entered school. But alas! What a change those few weeks of vacation had

wrought upon our class. Out of our eighty-six freshmen, there were but fifty left to be Sophomores. But how glad we were to be in that exalted position! What satisfaction to see others suffer as freshmen! We could have been more easily convinced that we had been promoted to Seniorship, than that—"We, ourselves, were freshies just one little year before!" Our Sophomore year! All will agree that that was about the happiest of all the four. It was in that year, being more fortunate than the present Sophomores, that we first organized as a class. Karl Griffith was elected president, which office he has wisely and judiciously filled ever since. White and gold were chosen s the colors, and the "Marguerite" the class flower.

With this year came Miss Lacie Perfect, and all the following years have proved her to be a "perfect" teacher. After having been again under Miss Lowrie and just as we were bidding fair to break all previous records in English, we were compelled with tears of regret, to say good-bye to that good teacher. But our sorrow was soon turned to rejoicing, for to us came bonny Miss Eunice Thomas, and under her kind and helpful influence, our work went on with renewed zeal. The most significant event to the Sophomores was the great "Class Oratorical Prize Contest," held in our auditorium, in which we shared the prizes with the Seniors, completely eclipsing the Juniors, much to their chagrin. At the close of this term, we bade farewell to Mr. Weinland, who was called to fill a position as Professor of Chemistry in Otterbein University.

The rest of the year moved happily along. Summer came and went.

We started upon our Junior year with fifty-four enrolled, having gained four somewhere. There is not much to be said of this year that would be vastly different from the rest. Like all classes, we had our pleasant and unpleasant times. However, it may be well to mention the fact, that at this time we entered the theatrical field, and offered to the public several scenes from the "Merchant of Vence," which proved to be a great success, financially and otherwise. Also the grand social success of our Junior Receptions and Banquet must not be omitted.

Still we must not forget the valuable additions to the faculty during this year. In the summer the Board of Education found it necessary to employ another mathematics instructor. They were fortunate in securing Mr. C. C. McCracken of Belfountaine, whose ever watchful eye and keen intellect have won the respect and admiration of the entire student body. Also the vacancy left by Mr. Weinland had to be filled. Thus the "Lower Regions" came to be ruled over by Mr. J. F. Hawk and like "Ichabod Crane," his cognomen was not inapplicable to his person. However, when school opened, there was still a dearth of teachers and Miss Ethel Musser, an Ohio Wesleyn graduate, was added, who with her jolly good nature, has indeed proved to be our friend in need and for all time.

Again the summer flitted by; September came, bringing us the joyful assurance, that at last we were Seniors. How glad we were

in our new position, yet how reluctant to think of leaving this dear old school! Here our entire four years have been spent, ours being the first class to bear that distinction. Upon entering, we found that the teaching force had again been strengthened and enlarged by the presence of Miss Edna McCleery, late of Chicago University. The pleasant work we had under her wise instruction in Astronomy and Geology, both in the recitation room and on the picnics, are some of the happiest memories of our Senior year. The first few months passed peacefully, Christmas holidays came and went, leaving among other pleasant recollections, that of the "Senior Prom." Examinations came and everybody passed. The wheel of fortune seemed to be running smoothly for us, when it was suddenly checked by a horrible accident, which took from us one of our best and most beloved members. It is needless to recall the sad fate of our dear Ellen Henry, for that is all too fresh in the minds of everyone. We can but say in the words of Joseph Rodman Drake:

"Green be thee turf above thee,
Dear friend of our glad school days;
None knew thee, but to love thee,
None named thee, but to praise."

Although, saddened by this terrible misfortune, our work had to continue the same. On March 11, we presented "Julius Caesar" with results far greater than our highest expectations. The financial outcome was especially gratifying, as was also the dramatic ability displayed by our boys. The "Senior Final" marked the close of the year's social functions.

As has been said before, we began as freshmen with eighty-six, but now at our graduation we are but forty-two; yet only twenty-seven are of the original number. Of the remaining fifteen nine were donated to us from the class of '09, and six were acquired elsewhere. Beulah Oberdorfer came to us from Tarlton in our Junior year and Paul Aten came from Groveport this year. That the influence of Lancaster High is far-reaching and effectual is well demonstrated by the fact that Sugar Grove has furnished us with four of our graduates, namely, Clay Bumgardner, Frances Shuey and Samuel Renshaw, Jr., who all entered in the Junior year and Katherine Bumgardner, who entered this year.

The fates and destinies of the sixty who have left our fold, are many and varied. "Lest We Forget" it may be well to recall a few who were with us longest. Some remained loyal almost to the end, but dropped back to Juniorism soon after the mid-winter examinations. This can be said of Hazel Michaels, Hazel Tobias, Harold Anderson, Fred Corwin. Long ago Artie Kindler dicided that 5 years of athletics in High School would be much longer and better than four. George Borneman may be found in the capacity of head clerk at Davidson's drug store. All those desiring marriage licenses may be gratified by applying to Ethel Shaffer at the court house. Warren Thomas is now located in California, Fred Rissler shamelessly admits the preference of five years of school to work; and, although study finds

him rather sleepy, he is wide awake on the "auto" subject. One of our number, our musician, Flossie Denny, graduates this year from Westerville High School. Silas Shaw, after leaving our midst, entered the shoe business in co-operation, but this partnership broke up and Mr. Shaw invested his profits in a lot of potatoes and kid gloves. He intends soon to settle down on his plantation near the Hock-Hocking. In our Sophomore year Anabel Wright, from the class of 1911, recognizing our worth, conceived the idea of graduating with us, but the pace we set was too fast, and this year, she confessed she was beaten and reurned to her own class. Harry Denny, having for four successive years tried to be a genteman of leisure and society favorite, and at the same time a student of Lancaster High School, has finally decided that the strain was too severe for his delicate constitution and has chosen the former. Alice Kindinger realizing that our class was endowed with so many geniuses, very charitably conde scended to share the fate of the class '09. Inez Fink and Blanche Bochert are leading quite domestic lives. Donald Sexauer, tiring of the confinement of school, left us for a life on the rolling wave as a jolly tar for Uncle Sam. But evidently finding this not suited to his talents, he returned to his native city and is now a modest drug clerk. The attractions of an occupation of an agricultural nature were too strong for two of our boys, Messrs. Leitnaker and Neal Messerly are now typical jolly hayseeds upon their respective farms in Walnut township. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is the motto by which Walter McCleery has lived, as he has for the past four years wrestled with first Latin. Russell Barr, in the Sophomore year, being physically unable to keep up the pace we were setting, went back to nature to recuperate a year. Upon his return, he unfortunately "fell among" the Juniors, and to them, although contrary to his better judgment, he has since been persuaded to transfer his affections. After many short vacations following his exodus through the front door by way of the office, Frank Kiebaber again returned just before examinations for better or for worse. Harold Stokes is still enjoying the opportunities offered by the Sophomore class.

Many others have been with us, but their stay was so short that we never learned to know them well. Also there are some whose careers are unknown to us. All we can say is, that we wish they had all remained to share our triumphs and spoils.

We have been called a precocious class, and perhaps we are. We have been called conceited, and why not? Have we not just cause to feel so? Our class meetings have been criticized, but that was our own private affair. We have often heard from our chapel platform. "Show me the institution that has never been criticized and I will show you the institution that never does anything." Outside, a more perfect sense of loyalty, fidelity and co-operation could not be found. We have tried to leave the impression that though few in number, we are mighty in power, that strength and ability do not lie in quantity alone.

We have been green Freshmen, silly Sophomores, jolly Juniors, and last, but not least, sober and serious Seniors. This is the limit in this second age of school evolution. To many, it means the preparation; to others, the culmination; and perhaps to some, it may be the decline of their education. It is but another proof of a great law of nature. But whatever may be the result in later years, the influence of the careful instructions, the wise precepts, and the sound judgment, with which we have daily been so closely associated for the past four school years, will not have been in vain. There has been seed sown that neither time nor circumstance can wholly destroy.

MARGARET BELL BUSBY.

CLASS SONG I.

(Words and Music by Webb I. Vorys)

Our school days now are past and gone.
Yet lingering here;
We cherish days that we have known
With comrades dear;
Before we go to other fields,
No longer here to dwell,
Come nineteen ten, sing the refrain
Ere we bid our school farewell.

CHORUS

Oh, let us wave our banners, let our songs arise,
Sing now once more the sweet refrain;
Let our praises mounting reach the skies,
Tell her glories o'er once again;
Oh, let us tales of victory again relate
Let us once more her good name bless,
Our hearts are ever fast united in the love which posses
For our good old L. H. S.

In book and sport she stands alone,
Without a peer;
In scholarship without an equal,
Far or near;
In all that's best she leads the rest,
She triumphs over all,
Our voices raise, we'll sing her praise—
And on her name we'll call.

CHORUS

CLASS OF 1912

CLASS WILL.

We, the undersigned members of the class of 1910, Lancaster High School, Fairfield County, State of Ohio, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, of various ages, colors and conditions, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament as follows:

ITEM I. It is our will that all our just debts be fully paid by our papas and mammas as soon as possible, after our graduation.

ITEM II. We will and bequeath all of our personal effects, good, bad and indifferent, to our legal heirs, the class of 1911, share and share alike.

ITEM III. We give and bequeath to our esteemed friend and teacher, C. C. McCracken, for matrimonial purposes, the choice of the female members of our class, who may be brave enough to beard the lion in his den.

ITEM IV. The male members of the class will and bequeath to Eunice E. Thomas all the clippings from hair-cuts for the next six months for her sole use and benefit and for the adornment of her anthrocephalic, differentiated ganglion.

ITEM V. We will and bequeath to our efficient principal, W. C. Brashares, who has made such a reputation for himself as a warbler, a new and popular song, entitled, "Please Don't Sit on the Window Sills."

ITEM VI. To the classes of 1912 and 1913, to be by them equally enjoyed, we will and bequeath the sweet and inspiring smile of Lacie E. Perfect, which much to our surprise, has failed to ensnare any of the gallant beaux.

ITEM VII. We will and bequeath all of our theatrical effects, consisting of wigs, paints, powders, face-creams, etc., to Mabel E. Curtiss and Ethel E. Musser to be by them used jointly.

ITEM VIII. The rest and residue of our property, consisting of money and the class pennant, we will and bequeath to the Lancaster High School.

ITEM IX. We hereby nominate and appoint H. A. Cassidy our affable, Hiberian superintendent, executor of this, our last will and testament and we ask that he be required to give a bond of not less than one hundred thousand dollars (100,000.) We hereby erase all former wills by us made.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 7th day of June, 1910.

[SIGNED]

CLASS OF 1910, LANCASTER HIGH SCHOOL.

We, James E. Bloom and Winfield S. Eckhert, do hereby certify that we witnessed the signing and sealing of the foregoing as the last will and testament of the class of 1910, Lancaster High School, and that we did sign the same as witnesses thereto in their presence and at their request and in the presnce of each other at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 7th day of June, 1910.

[SIGNED]

JAMES E. BLOOM,
WINFIELD S. ECKERT,
KARL F. GRIFFITH.

CLASS PROPHECY.

MY uncle, who was doing construction work for the Japanese government, used to make two trips a year to Japan. When I graduated, he promised to take me along on the summer trip. He never stayed more than six weeks at a time, so my intention was to spend the summer there, coming back in August in time to enter college.

On the morning of the nineteenth of June, we steamed out of the San Francisco harbor. On board were many Japanese students returning to their native country, officers on furlough from the Philippines, a theatrical troupe bound for Australia and a generous admixture of summer tourists and foreign travelers. The first two weeks out were spent in getting acquainted and becoming familiar with the routine of the ship. A party of American tourists had purchased a liberal supply of fireworks, knowing the Fourth of July would come while they were still on the ocean. Our vessel was a combination of a passenger and a freight and on this trip even the deck was crowded with bales of merchandise and barrels of oil. A small cannon used in signalling, had been taken out, and, with a keg of powder from the military supplies, we were having a regular old-fashioned Fourth. Suddenly from the after deck, where the small cannon was placed, came a muffled flash. Some one had dropped a lighted match into the open powder keg. There was a remarkable display of marine discipline. Never did a crew work harder to save e vessel, but in spite of the threats of the officers and the heroism of the men, the passengers and crew were driven to the boats. In two hours time we saw the good ship sink beneath the waves and nothing in view but the open sky and the circular rim of the horizon.

Seventeen years were spent on a remote island before we were picked up by a South Sea trader and made our way through the Panama canal to New Orleans. Just as we dream of the things which were last uppermost in our minds, so my first thoughts were turned again toward the members of my class.

The first newspapers that I saw after I returned to civilization were filled with the outcome of Boyd Abbott's brilliant political campaign. He had been elected governor on the side of the suffragettes. Boyd's winning smile had been used with vote winning effect, on the maiden ladies and his osculatory propensity had swung the old-fashioned home-loving women's vote by kissing their babies.

Coral Glick's name is also connected with notable political measures. She is said to have won her cause by her one famous speech "Why Women Should Vote."

An advertisement gave the clue to Paul Beck's occupation. He

is managing a boarding house on his principle, "The Elimination of Waste," and in his fashionable place on the Avenue, the old-fashioned motto, "There's no place like home," has been replaced by "Eat it to save it."

In an article entitled "Celebrities on and off the Stage," I learned something of Margaret Busby and Florence McClerry. The former having become quite famous in her role as Portia, was starring abroad. The latter, although she has been known for years in musical circles, she is still billed by her manager as the "Baby Prodigy."

In looking over the register in the hotel I found Vera Carpenter's name, who was traveling for The Frictionless Dog Churn Co., her idea originating during her Physics work in the High School. From her I learned that Frances Shuey had settled down on a farm in the West and had six of Vera's churns in daily use.

One week after we had arrived in New Orleans, we decided to go to the Vaudeville. It was the first pleasure of this kind I had had since the night before we sailed from San Francisco, seventeen years before. The third number on the program was Roberto Paaha Hannum, with his troops of Indian snake charmers and fortune tellers; the only act of its kind on the American stage.

While I was yet in the South on my way home, I heard frequently of an eminent lecturer, Lola Anderson, whose lithographs were in every window and whose fame was known throughout the South.

James Kiger's brilliant masterpiece, the "Treatment of Farm Hands for Spring Fever," is the favored textbook for many agricultural schools. He is now entertaining at his residence at Hooker, professors from various Universities, who are there for the purpose of receiving a few pointers on "scientific farming."

Elise Durain did not keep her "resolutions" and was the first one out of our class to be married.

In letters from Frank Busby, who is conducting a matrimonial agency at Syracuse, N. Y., I am told that Clark Claypool, who has been enrolled in his agency for years, as knight-errant, was not able to find the lady of his dreams and will pine the rest of his days away as a member of the Board of Trustees of the National Spinster's Home.

After graduating from college Grace Courtwright went into business. The sign before her establishment bears the inscription, "BEAUTY SPECIALIST." In order to have a good sample of her work Grace has employed Beulah Oberdorfer as her traveling saleslady. However, the firm of Courtwright and Oberdorfer will not compete with that of Townsley, who is surpassed by none in the art of "interior" decorating.

In visiting New York City we went through the Hall of Fame. Imagine my surprise in beholding in one of the stained glass windows, the war record of General Francis Wright Japanicus. It seems that in my exile Japan and the United States had gone to war and the American senate gave him the surname Japanicus for his brilliant capture of a chop-suey train. In this same war Helen Benner spent many weary months on the fields as a Red Cross nurse, in order to

be near her soldier sweetheart. Fickle fate gives the dashing Japanicus a stained window and the little heroine a broken heart.

The society column has a daily paragraph on the social successes of Lauretta Harbison at the court of the Mikado in Tokio. It is rumored that she is soon to be Mrs. Hop Sing, wife of a handsome Japanese nobleman, who is just her height and the prime favorite of the Mikado.

I find that Pearl Bair has become a famous woman detective of the Velvet Foot Detective Agency. She received much praise for her success in recovering a pennant blonging to the Senior class of Lancaster High School.

Russell Cunningham's name has become widespread among theatregoers and his approach is always heralded by flaming bill boards. Although end man in a minstrel show, he is still known by his old name the "Obstreperous Irrepressible."

Ralph Acton has become a successful editor and the New York Herald has had a rapid growth in circulation under his management. His specialities are inconoclastic editorials on the revision of the high school courses of study.

Mary Alice Swope and Mary Hershberger have followed in the footsteps of their patron saint, Carrie Nation. Through their influence a bill was passed in Congress declaring Carrie Nation's birthday a national holiday.

In every city I visited from New Orleans north was billboard after billboard advertisng Dr. Tobin's famous "Tobina;" none genuine without the doctor's sober countenance on the label.

One of the departments in the Ladies' Home Journal was conducted by Dorothy Whiley. Two of her best articles are: "First Aid to Broken Hearts" and "Is Bachelorhood a Crime?"

Even while in high school, Carrie Wagenhals declared her intention of being the only old maid in our class. She kept her vow and has established an ideal spinster community in Utah.

Karl Griffith's early position of honor, as president of our class, must have caused him to covet high offices. The book "Who's Who and Why," contains a full account of his career. After being president of the Riverside Interurban Co., president of the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Sponges, president of the Columbus Board of Trade, president of the Shakespeare Research club and president of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to High School Teachers, he has retired from active business and settled down at his residence at Jonesville.

Marie Feigley having entered upon matrimonial life, and having become tired of the irksome duty of dishwashing which goes hand in hand with marriage, has invented a unique dishwasher, which is run by the wasted energy of opening and closing the front gate.

In another letter I hear that after advertising extensively, Clay Baumgardner at last found a suitable helpmate in Marie Baus and together they went into the poultry business at Sugar Grove; Marie's kindly disposition and calm unobtrusive personality being especially fitted to inspire the confidence of the flock.

Charles Drinkle first became known during the thirteenth census. At the early age of eighteen he received a medal for being the only enumerator who could ask an old maid her age in such a way as not to give offense. Afterwards he was appointed as a foreign diplomat. It is reported that on his return he will bring with him his bride, a beautiful girl from Hong Kong.

Webb Vory's name furnished a topic for the court gossips of Europe. After years spent as a popular bachelor, feted by match-making mammas, he became the cynosure of all eyes. When as an attachee of the diplomatic corps in Vienna, he almost severed relations between United States and Austria by his flirtation with the daughter of a duke.

Among the new books an exceptionally fine work has just been published. "Hints for Lovers," by the experienced author Mabel Clare Smith, has been declared quite practical and is received with great enthusiasm by Junior High School students.

Samuel Renshaw, after having served for several years as constable of Sugar Grove, has retired from active life and is now studying psychology, which is his favorite hobby, at the home of his aunt in East Lancaster.

Paul Aten, although exceedingly timid while chief of justice of our class, is reported by the Daily News to have been chosen chief of police of a model town. But it is evident that he will be susceptible to the languishing glances of the women on the police force.

Back in Ohio during the Lancaster County Fair of 1927, I met Catherine Baumgardner. In strolling through the halls we saw an exhibit of hers marked A I, consisting of juicy pies and nut brown loaves of bread. Catherine informed me that having become tired of hotel life, THEY had settled on the farm.

In the graduating class of this same year at Lancaster High School, down in the front row sat Relnah Meisse, the proud mother of the valedictorian. Relnah invited me out to visit her and she shyly admitted that she had "just the dearest husband in the world."

The four years history of the class as an organization, will be closed Thursday. It shows that we have left undone those things we ought to have done and done those things we ought not to have done. In the future if Fate will not decree that we will be great in great things, at least we can find greatness in the commonplace.

KATHRYN LAMB.

CHAPEL NOTES

When the school first moved from the old North building to the High School, chapel was held every morning in the auditorium, which was then used exclusively for these services and for lectures. In 1908-'09, it was necessary to turn the auditorium into a study hall, thus making that room less impressive for more solemn services. But even the privilege of chapel in the morning was taken away from us during the last semester; and although this was regarded by most of the pupils with disfavor, yet it accomplished one mission, that of teaching us to appreciate the morning service. This year a happy medium has been found. We meet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings for Chapel and on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the last half hour of the morning is devoted to music.

The High School Orchestra, which is and has been an important factor in our school, opened our first chapel with several selections. While the first person to address the school besides the faculty, was Oral Myers, '08. He spoke about the "Schools of Kentucky," in which state he had been working during the summer months.

Mr. Brashares gave us two excellent talks on the "Microbe" and "Chickens." These allegories were very entertaining and humorous, while two quotations taken from them have become watchwords among the pupils, namely: "Oh, you little microbe" and "Be not like chickens."

On December 15th, we had a visitor in Chapel, who has never been with us before, Mr. Brashares' brother. In introducing his brother, Mr. Brashares stated that he had been engaged in raising pigs since his graduation from Delaware. But his brother turned the tables on him by asking him what he had been raising all these years. Mr. Brashares gave us a delightful talk and we hope that he will not make this his last visit to the "Intellectual Farm" of his brother William.

December 17th, the Natal Anniversary of Whittier was celebrated by several Sophomores, who took charge of chapel; Goldie Snider read an interesting account of his life and Harold Stokes gave "The Legend of the Robin." Helen Clarke recited his charming poem, "School Days."

The Sophomores taking charge of chapel brought back to the Seniors those similar occasions when they also in their Sophomore year were compelled to take part at least once in the year. We hope that the old custom will be revived, if for nothing else, for the training it gives in speaking before an audience.

The two hundred and eighty-ninth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims was observed by several members of the history class on December 22nd. Ellen Henry read the account of the Puritans in

England and Mary Hersberger gave a vivid description of the May Flower Pilgrimage. Russel Barr described Government in New England and Mabel Clare Smith gave a reading from Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish."

We started in the new year by hearing an excellent talk from one of our citizens, Attorney J. W. Deffenbaugh. In his talk he showed us clearly how a High School education would aid us, also that it might be a detriment if not properly used, giving us this thought to carry away with us. "In after years your diploma will be useless. Only what you have taken with you in your head and character will assist you over the steep and rocky places of real life."

On January 17th, Miss Ruth Gamin of Urbana, a former pupil of Professor Brashares, favored us with several vocal selections. She was accompanied by Mrs. I. M. Sinclair of Lancaster.

On January 19th, the date set for the unveiling of the statue of Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall, Washington D. C., Mr. Brashares put before the school the objections made by the northern people to the presence of such a statue and called for discussion of the matter. Several people stated their opinions, some on one side and some on the other. Although it was impossible to decide whether it was right for the statue to be placed there or not, the discussion showed that there were wide awake minds among us ready to enter into work for their country, whenever the opportunity was offered.

On January 31st, Rev. G. A. Johnson of the Central Church of Christ, conducted Chapel, assisted by Miss Parks, an evangelist.

Professor Troop, who appeared here in a series of lectures last winter under the University Extension Lecture Course, kindly gave a half hour of his time for our entertainment on the day of the first lecture. He gave several selections, including "A Frenchman's Interpretation of Macbeth," which perhaps was the most appreciated, because of its humor, although his other readings were full of life and interest. Professor Troop has the power of entertaining as well as instructing.

On February 9th, Sam Renshaw gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the new theory of the "Latent Energy of Man." After giving an outline of the theory he described the training of little William James Sidis and gave a short biography of this remarkable boy, who, at the age of eleven, has completed courses at Harvard and recently lectured before the professors of that university on "Bodies of the Fourth Dimension."

Rev. Hugh Leith of the First Presbyterian church, conducted chapel on March 28.

On March 30th, the Girls' Chorus sang several selections in chapel. This chorus has become quite popular this year and has done much to develop the musical reputation of the school.

On Arbor Day we enjoyed a program given by the Longfellow Literary Society. Although the preparation had not been made especially for that day, it proved very entertaining. Their own orchestra opened chapel with several selections, after which Vernon Singles gave a recitation. Mr. Brashares read several quotations from Lowell

pertaining to nature which he substituted instead of the required talk on trees, birds and nature.

On April 10th, Professor Johnson, a "Harvard man," as he said, visited the school as a representative from Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland. He spoke in chapel and visited classes throughout the day. Some weeks later a letter was received from him expressing his appreciation of our work and stating that he had placed Lancaster on the accredited list for his institution—that is, our graduates can enter there without examination.

During the spring term arrangement was made with the Ministerial Association of Lancaster, by which one of the city pastors was present each week and conducted the chapel service.

On Wednesday, May 11th, the Executive Committee of the Lancaster High School Alumnal Association visited the school. The following are the members: Miss Gladys Lupher, Miss Helen Radebaugh, Mr. Carl Powers and Mr. Ray Smith. The last named was called to the platform and made a very entertaining speech.

CLASS SONG II.

(Tune, Verdant Grove, Farewell to Thee)

L. H. S. farewell to thee,
Now we close our days of pleasure;
Various our paths will be,
Each to his or her own treasure;
We must leave you, 'tis our vow,
Yet we only leave you now,
Till another meeting,
Till another meeting.

Here we oft through trials passed,
Oft encumbered much in trouble;
Now we've conquered all at last;
School life bursts just like the bubble,
Ours it is to wind our way,
Take our course how e'er we may,
Ne'er forgot's this meeting.
Ne'er forgot's this meeting.

Friends unnumbered leave we here,
Mem'ries, though they dim before us;
This our home is ever near,
Let her banner hover o'er us,
We're the class of 1910;
Let us hope to join again,
In another meeting,
In another meeting.

CLASS OF 1913

SOCIETY

THE JUNIOR RECEPTION OF 1909

One of the most enjoyable social functions given in honor of the Seniors of Lancaster High School, during the glitter and glare of commencement week, was the reception given by the Juniors on June eleventh at Bininger's Hall.

The reception committee stationed in the dance hall welcomed each guest. Every Junior was a host and hostess, making each guest feel quite at home in the bower of beauty arranged for us. Pennants were seen in profusion and colors of both classes were much in evidence, interspersed with laurel and ferns.

The O'Neill Orchestra discoursed sweet music throughout the evening, it being concealed at the east end of the hall by a screen of palms and ferns.

In due time we were invited to the banquet hall to partake of the elaborate spread prepared for us. The banquet tables were very tasteful in their adornment of red candles and red fluffs, intertwined with graceful smilax. Artistic place cards of the "Sweet Girl Graduate" marked the places.

Ample justice was done to the four courses served, after which Mr. Karl Griffith, President of the Junior Class, fulfilled the duties of toastmaster in a very pleasing manner. Frank McClintock, Hazel Sue Wilcott, Mabel Clare Smith and Miss Mabel Curtiss responded with interesting and entertaining toasts.

At the close of these festivities, we returned to the dance hall to trip the "light fantastic toe." Several dances deserving special mention were the "Sun Dances," representing the Sunrise (Juniors) and the Sunset (Seniors.)

It was not until the "wee small hours" of the morning that we Seniors gave up our rights as Seniors, and bade adieu to our happy school associations.

We give our hearts to the Juniors,
For our gay good time that night,
And our very heartiest heartfelt thanks
For making our hearts so light.
We'll store away down in our hearts,
Happy memories of that event;
And now, forever, with all our hearts,
We'll bless the Juniors of 1909.

E. FLOY SHALLENBERGER, '09.

IN THE DARK 'O THE MOON.

If you ask a pupil of Lancaster High School who is the most popular teacher, he will say: "Miss McCleery." If you ask who is the most sportsmanlike and takes the greatest interest in the pupils, the answer will come quickly: "Our Astronomy teacher." We all know she is popular and a good sportsman, but let us explain more fully just why, according to the pupil's point of view, she is the most considerate of their real needs.

"In the interest of science," several trips had been made to various points where an unobstructed observation of the skies was possible. The first trip was to Mount Pleasant, when an enthusiastic crowd accompanied Miss McCleery. Faculty and pupils, teachers and taught, whether or not they had taken any previous interest in the science of the heavens, now climbed the mount with zealous ardor, in a band fully fifty strong. When the telescope was adjusted, Miss McCleery turned to the half dozen faithful ones who surrounded her and asked in a wondering voice, "Why, where are the rest?" Miss Curtiss looked out at the face of the cliff and said: "Well, there are two, four, six, eight"—and the fifty were easily located. But this was the last heard from Miss Curtiss and it is our firm belief that some of the faculty never did come down. Let us here state that only those teachers with no "home ties" were present.

That was our last trip to Rising Park. Our other observations were made in places devoid of all sentimental influences. We were not again favored by the presence of Miss Curtiss and Mr. McCracken. However, our good times were not ended, for other interesting trips were made and if the night proved cloudy, Miss McCleery rose to the occasion with taffy-pulls, which took away any disappointment a cloudless sky could produce.

The eclipse of the moon offered an excuse for the biggest outing ever enjoyed by the High School astronomers. On that night the members of the Astronomy Class ate a sparing dinner and for the next five hours went through all the tortures of impatient waiting which are endured by the small boy on the night before Christmas. About eleven thirty all were assembled at Miss McCleery's home and after a short time sat down to a feast. What a feast: Cloths were laid on the floors and on this improvised table was placed a banquet fit for Kings. Both quantity and quality united to make the supper

all that could possibly be desired. Those who were graceful were soon eating, but alas! Some of us to whom "doubling up" was a process were very late in starting.

The tables were cleared and all were up and dancing when the word given that the eclipse was "doing" caused a rush for out-of-doors.

Do you remember when you spilled the ink upon your mother's desk and seizing her spotless white blotter, you plunged the corner of it into the black puddle? Do you remember how it fascinated you as the ink slowly spread out over the white pad? Just so fascinating was it to see the black disk slowly engulfing the mellow light of the moon as the shadow descended over the "upper left hand corner."

But such a thing takes time and girls and boys do not stay fascinated long. Throwing aside all dignity, we abandoned "gentle amusements" and gave ourselves over to "fun." Growing tired of this, we sang a little until two policemen persuaded us to save our voices for the chorus.

Now the moon was all but covered and the clock struck three, so, remembering our promises to mamma, we started to "come home early." After futile efforts to express our appreciation of Miss McCleery's kindness, we wended our way homeward in the Dark o' the Moon.

THE SENIOR SPREAD.

"Mr. Hawk is going to leave." The news fairly flew from one end of the school to another. The effect was electric. Mr. Hawk was "The Man of the Hour," he had suddenly become a person of importance. Whither our bird was about to fly no one was certain—he himself said he didn't know just where, but some place where some one had told him the sheckels roll in more swiftly. Unsophisticated creatures of the air!

The Seniors, that class which always rises with grace to the unexpected and has learned by experience and close association never to be non-plussed by anything, no matter how erratic, that any member of that august body—the faculty—may do, determined to give Mr. Hawk a jubilant "send-off." It would be a picnic in the gym with all kinds of good things to eat for the faculty, Mr. Bloom, our true ally, and the Seniors.

The banquet cloth was laid (on the floor) and the orchestra was playing (some disappointed Freshmen upstairs) when the guest of honor condescendingly told us that he had decided to stay with us after all. We had all wondered what his game was and now we remembered his remarking one time that people only did for their friends when they were ill or going away. Now, was our chance to be magnanimous! We forgave him, pressed him into the place of honor, passed everything first to him, and determined to show that cynical man of science that he for once had judged wrongly.

But, would you believe it, Mr. Hawk is bashful—bashful as any one of the school girls, who had overwhelmed him with all this attention! He positively refused to make a speech so that duty devolved upon Mr. Cassidy.

all that could possibly be desired. Those who were graceful were soon eating, but alas! Some of us to whom "doubling up" was a process were very late in starting.

Finally, all the sandwiches, salads and cakes having disappeared, the picnic came to a sudden end.

And now, insted of having only Mr. Hawk's memory to cherish, we have him, capiciously flitting among us as ever before. And if he sometimes misses the extra cash he might be laboriously making and easily spending in some unknown place, let him think how much we should have missed him.

THE CO-ED PROM.

Everyone remembers the time-worn adage.—"There is nothing new under the sun." But just here we beg leave to question the absolute truth of this same adage, and show that perhaps the sun may be forced to witness somthing new. And yet, we may be able to explain the affair we are about to narrate without being compelled to tear down any of the traditions that have been the very foundation of our philosophy. For the sun had set on the evening that experienced one of the most unique innovations possible to High School life, and was therefore not in a position to observe this break in the monotonous round of affairs.

In the school where boys and girls have equal rights and privileges there is a tendency on the part of the girls to stand aside, and let the boys take the initative in all social affairs. But variety is the spice of life—and spice we must have.

On the evening of March 31, in answer to invitations sent out by the Juniors, a great number of the girls of all four classes met in the Y. M. I. hall to take part in the Co-Ed Prom. Now Co-Ed affairs are a recognized factor in college life, but never before did they enter the precincts of High School society. At any rate, the girls were there, some playing the part of the gallant, others in their usual girlish sweetness; and in fact, many of the former would have put to shame the genuine members of the "sterner sex," by their numerous little attentions and courtesies.

Many fancy costumes were in evidence. A little sailor lad, on shore-leave, showed his affection for his twin sister by accompanyng her to the Prom. Bassnic was there with Portia, and was permitted to dance with many a fair one without fear of making an unquiet house. Farmer Jenkins, from Hookers, took his beautiful sweetheart to show her the ways of city life, and incidentally to show her charms to the city folks.

There were maids from Japan and some that had stepped right out of the frames where our grandmothers' pictures are kept. And in addition, there were many interesting costumes that we are accustomed to meet in everyday life, the pretty evening dresses of the girls, and the more solemn dark of the make-believe boys.

All in all, the whole affair was one not soon to be forgotten, on account of its jollity, its uniqueness and its genuine fun.

THE SENIOR PROM.

Among the gay festivities that heralded our Christmas holidays, undoubtedly the best was the Senior Prom. The beautiful High School girls arrayed in their Christmas gowns left an impression of fairy-land upon the minds of the boys. The party was something now. Not in its nature, but because it was the first ever given by the Seniors of the Lancaster High School. The hall was beautifully decorated in the Christmas colors; large clusters of laurel adorned the walls on either side; red and green shades were upon the lights, which gave the impression of warmth and coziness to all the merry makers.

Along each side were settes, which offered welcome rest to the dancers. These things were all pleasing to the eye, but there was also an orchestra which filled the hall with music during the entire evening. Delicious punch and refreshments were served.

THE JUNIOR HOP.

In previous years the Juniors have had only one opportunity to show their ability to entertain, namely, at the Junior reception. This year they broke down the barriers of this conventionality and entertained royally with a Junior Hop. The Y. M. I. hall was the chosen place for this festivity and it appeared in decorations of pennants and flowers. Miss Schopp and Mr. Shriner furnished the music for the thirty couples. Throughout the evening, ices and punch were served. All attending pronounced the Juniors capable hosts and hostesses, although somewhat fond of moon-light dances. While the Seniors are looking forward to enjoying their hospitality again on June the tenth.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE BREAKING OF THE MOTOR.

It was on one of those crisp breezy mornings late in November, that we ambled cheerily to our many and divers "rounds of irritating concerns and duties." Upon reaching the building to our great chagrin (?) we found the place so cold that Dr. Cook himself would have "passed it up" we fear. Why, it was so cold that a certain party chanced to spill part of a glass of water in the Main Hall and it actually fell to the floor with a dull, sickening thud! It was frozen into ice! (This was before the days of our sanitary drinking fountains.)

Yes indeed it was "scandalous" cold. our old friend and fellow student, Russell Moss, said: "Yes, yes, this heah dynamo motah machine sho' am a live wiah wif dis chile. To tell trufe 'bout it I'm sort 'o woozy 'bout dis 'lectrical misfortune what's happened heah. I'm really shocked to heah it for you know course I didn't care for mah self, but I do hate to see all de udder folks missin school. But—oh you vacashum! Do not salucitacious word in de languarge next to 'chicken' is vacashum!"

Tersely told, the motor burned out and had to be sent to Columbus for repairs. Mr. Brashares called us all into the auditorium and said sweetly and in th at winning way which is imimitable and all his own; "School's out!"

We all readily agreed and forthwith "lit out" for a week's freedom from the toil and care of student life. The ovation tendered the Principal as he made his announcement will long be remembered by all who were within hearing distance.

THE GREAT LUMBER SCANDAL.

It would really make the general public feel ashamed at the way in which they have worried Ballinger and Pinchot over the forest question, should they happen to hear of the great lumber scandal that occurred in our High School. It was a matter which created quite a stir not only among the faculty, but even among the JUNIORS.

After giving us the supreme pleasure of spending two delightful "Evenings with Great Artists" the JUNIORS being of a slothful disposition, laid aside some lumber in one of the halls not being able to move it out from under the feet of students and janitor. Well, it lay and lay in spite of the requests and entreaties of the principal and the janitor to the JUNIORS for its removal.

Then, when it was no longer possible to withstand their requests and entreaties the JUNIORS decided that as it was easier to be charitable than to move the lumber, they would open up their hearts and give it to the High School. The school refused to accept the gift and even Mr. Eckert, to whom it was presented later, looked upon the matter more as a joke than anything else. Finally they were

so generous that almost anybody owned it, but no one claimed it, so it was decided that it should serve as fuel for heating the halls of learning.

But alas! The Seniors were preparing to give "Julius Caesar" and the time was almost at hand for the event to take place. Three small boards were neessary to complete the preparations. Mindful of the lumber in the hallway three suitable boards were selected (before they should be burned) and made ready for the coming event.

But lo, and behold! Now those generous, kind, blessed, loving, charitable JUNIORS decided of a sudden that the lumber should not burn and that the Seniors must pay for that portion of it which they, supposedly had rescued from the flames.

The Seniors were thieves, thugs, robbers, etc.. because they had taken these boards. A terrible catastrophy was threatened and a delay, even a complete blocking of the play was planned by some enthusiastic, loyal JUNIORS.

Everyone knows how it resulted. "Julius Caesar" was a remarkable success in spite of the threatened calamity and the JUNIORS, like a child left to itself, cried themselves out and then stopped, benefitted by the exercise thus afforded them.

EVENINGS WITH GREAT ARTISTS.

Two very novel entertainments, known as "Evenings with Great Artists," were given by the members of the class of 1911, in the High School Auditorium, on the evenings of December seventh and eighth. A huge frame had been erected on the stage and in that frame appeared, from time to time, members of the class so posed as to reproduce many of the world's masterpieces of classical and popular art.

So well were the subjects chosen and so carefully were they executed in every case that it seems hardily fair even to mention those of particular merit. "The Sower" by Harry Bishop, "The Gleaner," by Georgene Courtwright; "Priscilla," by Margaret Waters; "The Spring Song," by Elma Corwin and Prudence Jackson and "The Goddess of Liberty," by Clara Floyd, were especially attractive on the first night and at the second performance popular numbers were "The Madonna," by Elsie Grove; "Last Rose of Summer," by Phyllis Blackman and "Lorna Doone," by Minnie Amerine.

Another feature of the programs interesting to members of the High School, was the representation of the various teachers. These numbers were well done in several cases and furnished a good deal of amusement, especially to those who were permitted for once to see themselves as others see them.

On the first night, Part II, was occupied by a monologue, called "His Old Sweethearts." Fred Rissler represented a bachelor posing over his old love letters and as he read, the writers of them, including various types, appeared in the frame. It made a very pleasing conclusion to the evening's performance.

In this successful effort the Juniors were assisted by Mrs. Seth Parker, Miss Bertha Kern, Priscilla Whiley and by the High School Orchestra.

THE LONGFELLOW LITERARY SOCIETY.

On January twenth-sixth, 1910, some of the pupils of Mr. McCracken's room met and organized the Longfellow Literary Society under his supervision. The membership was at first limited to those sitting in that room, but some others were afterwards admitted until the number of members reached forty. By the constitution, only Freshmen may be enrolled and that upon a two-thirds vote of the present members. The meetings of the society are held every alternate Wednesday in the High School auditorium at three o'clock. From among the members, an orchestra of seven pieces was organized which has contributed much to the entertainment of the society.

The purpose of forming such a society was to acquaint the members with parliamentary law and to accustom them to speaking in public, much having been accomplished along these lines. Although there have been some hindrances, the greatest of which was that the meetings must be held after school, and, although some of the members have withdrawn from school, interest has been steadily maintained.

On the third Wednesday of March, the society, by an unanimous vote, elected the following honorary members of the society: Miss Alice M. Longfellow, daughter of H. W. Longfellow; Superintendent H. A. Cassidy, Prin. W. C. Brashares and C. C. McCracken. Soon after the election of the honorary members, a letter was received from Miss Longfellow which read as follows:

"To The Longfellow Society,

My dear young friends:

It gives me great pleasure to hear of your Society, and to know that you are fond of poetry, or probably you would not have formed it.

When you leave school and become busy men and women you will be glad that you have formed the habit of reading, and I strongly advise you to keep a half hour every day for good reading, either poetry or prose.

It will not only be a pleasure, but will help you through many hard places in life and open doors into other worlds than your own.

With best wishes for the continued success of your society,

Sincerely,

ALICE M. LONGFELLOW.

As a close for the year's work, five hundred invitations were issued for the evening of May twentieth, when the society entertained their friends in a very pleasing manner with the following program:

Selection ..... Orchestra
Meeting called to order.....Bernice Broderick, Pres.
Roll call ..... Quotations from Longfellow
Minutes ..... Marjorie Pierce, Sec.
The Devil's March ..... Franz von Suppe.

LONGFELLOW LITERARY SOCIETY

Helen Sharp, Ruth Sharp.
Il Trovatore ..... Verdi.
Lucile Stout.
Letter from Miss Longfellow.....Clarence Myers.
The Two Angels ..... Blumenthal.
Marjorie Pierce.
Angel's Serenade ..... Braga
Neita Elder, Corl LaRoss, Irma Crossen.
Exile of the Acadians ..... Vernon Singles.
Lohengrin ..... Wagner.
Katherine M. Schmidt.
Selection ..... Orchestra
Simple Aveu ..... Thome'.
Priscilla Whiley.
The Perfect Tribute ..... Fletcher Lewis.
Selection ..... Orchestra
Adjournment.

—MARY SCHLEICHER, '13.

THE SENIOR DEBATE.

On the afternoon of October 29, the faculty and students were summoned to the chapel to hear a debate by members of the Senior Class. The question was: "Resolved, that manufactures are a benefit to mank'nd." Mr. Brashares presided as chairman of the meeting, and Miss McCleery, Miss Curtiss and Mr. Hawk were selected as judges.

The affirmative was represented by Karl Griffith and Francis Wright; the negative, by Robert Hannum and Charles Drinkle. Considering the time allowed for preparation, which was but one week, the arguments advanced by both sides were remarkably strong. However, sarcasm was much in evidence, especially with the negative.

While waiting for the report of the judges, Dorothy Boerstler entertained with a piano solo. The decision was unanimously rendered in favor of the affirmative.

JULIUS CAESAR.

On the night of March the eleventh, the High School auditorium was thrown open to a large and enthusiastic audience, which had assembled to witness the presentation of Julius Caesar by the High School Dramatic Society. The general air of expectancy, the delightful music rendered by the High School orchestra, the hurrying to and fro of ushers and the flutttering of programs as the curtain rose brought to mind a first night by famous professionals. The house had been sold out long before eight o'clock and the halls were thronged with those who had failed to secure seats earlier and were now waiting to be admitted when the doors should be thrown open. Everything was auspicious for a favorable performance.

Nevertheless the Seniors of 1910, upon offering to the public one of the heaviest of Shapespeare's tragedies, set for themselves a task requiring not only hard work, but true ability, and no little

credit is due to them for the success, which they achieved. To be sure the principal members of the cast had previously proven their capability to present a great play when they gave "The Merchant of Venice" last year; but that was a comedy admitting of much more license in the interpertation of the roles and not requiring the same dignified procedure to the inevitable tragic end.

The stage setting was gained by hangings of black and red and against this simple background the costumes of the Roman period were shown effectively. The costuming was probably more pretentious than any previously used in a Lancaster High School play, much of the dignity of a performance depends upon the suitable staging and costuming and the school expends much time and care upon these essentials.

A selection of five scenes was made from the second and third acts of Julius Caesar.

As a Senior it is with great pleasure and no little pride that I review the cast of characters.

To Robert Hannum as Caesar, is due first mention and the admirable dignity with which he carried himself togetherwith his natural ability, made of him an excellent interpreter of the part.

Francis Wright's voice was well adapted to Mark Anthony's famous speech delivered in the Forum and his entire performance was most gratifying.

Too much cannot be said of the portrayal of Calpurnia, wife to Caesar, by Mabel Clare Smith and had the original Calpurnia been as persuasive as she perhaps old Rome would have been spared the bloodshed of one of its greatst rulers.

Margaret Busby, who had previously given proof of her ability as an amateur, showed to great advantage as Portia, wife to Brutus. Those who saw her last year as that other Portia, one of Shakespeare's greatest female characters were delighted at the second opportunity to witness her efforts.

Karl Griffith showed more than ordinary talent in his interpretation of Brutus and was most masterful in his stage presence.

Boyd Abbott, as Cassius, carried well one of the principal parts and added very much to the interest of the play.

Besides these last two mentioned, other conspirators, who showed to advantage though placed in less important roles, were Earl Tobin, as Calsca; Charles Drinkle, as Trebonius; James Kiger, as Metelius Cimber and Paul Aten, as Cinna. These all enacted their parts with creditable ease.

Paul Beck, by his excellent bearing, gave prominence to a minor part and together with Clark Claypool as Popilius, Russell Cunningham as Lucius; Frak Busby as Artimadorus, and several underclassmen as citizens, completed a personelle, which was a credit to the school. Each player was well chosen for his role and gave a spirited performance of it and taken altogether it was a most interesting occasion.

The High School Orchestra added very much to the evening's pleasure, by its well executed selections. This organization has made itself indespensable to the school.

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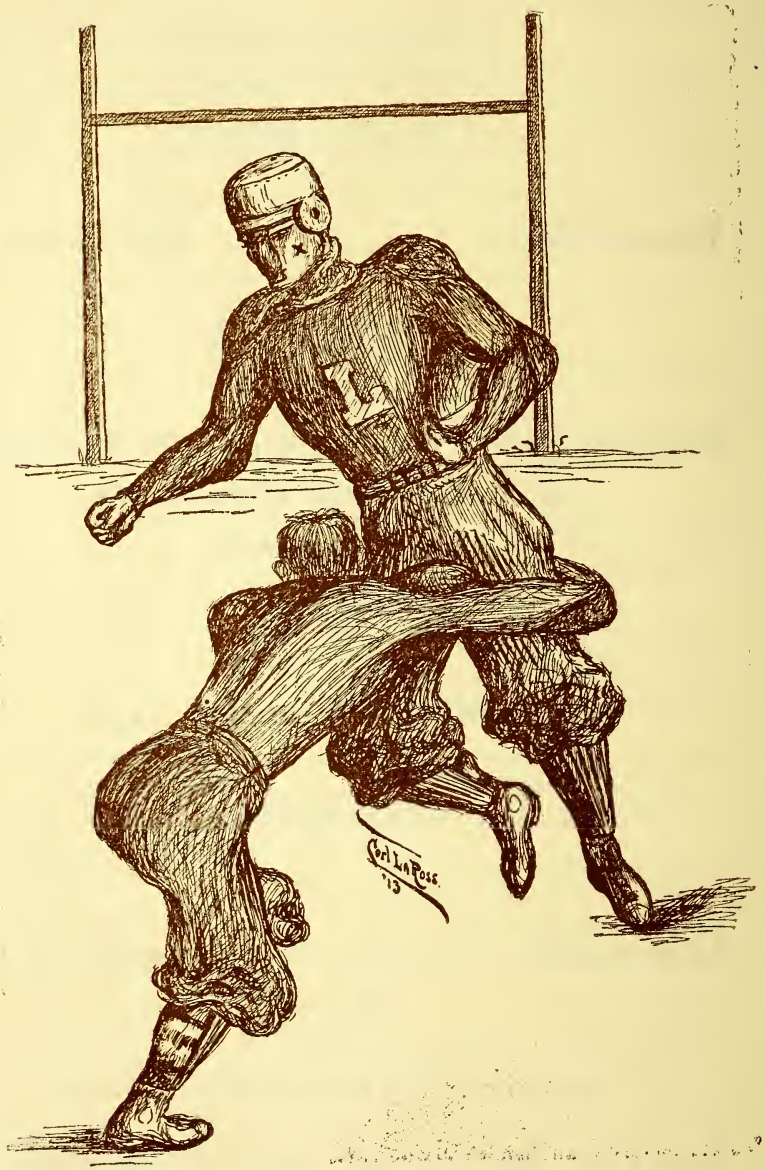
Carl LaRoss
'13

JOKES.

Nothing original, few that are new,
A laugh that's on me, or one that's on you;
Nothing that's meant to cut deep or annoy,
Jokes on us all, for us all to enjoy;
Things that have given a good laugh to me,
Nuts that have dropped from the old chestnut tree. W. I. V.

——oo——

The Teachers' Meeting.

"Some cawing crows—a hooting owl,
A hawk, a canary, an old marshfowl;
One day all met together."

POINTED PERSONAL PUNS.

WANTED

To give Florence Moore.
To locate Margaret Waters.
To watch Jimmy Bloom.
To see Ruth Skinner.
To find our two little Lambs.
To visit Margaret Sites.
To prove Francis Wright.
To know how Margaret Combs.
To render Winifred Abele.
To hear Margaret Bus-by.
To make Lacie Perfect.
To help Leona Courtright.
To feed Frank Quick.

DID YOU EVER SEE

Joe Short with a clean face?
The laboratory in good order?
Emile Tobin without chewing gum?
Ed. Alton with his hair combed?
Mr. McCracken forget his dignity?
Any dirt in our building?
Margaret Sites in a hurry?
Howard Hall alone?
Marbles on the study-hall floor?
Miss McCleery feed the canary?
Lumber lying in the gymnasium hall-way?
Raymond Stukey blush?
A mathematics teacher try to run a stereoptician lantern?

L. H. S. SNOOZERS CLUB.

Motto—Some must watch while others sleep.

Password—Somnus.

President—Denny Boerstler.

Sandman—Flowers Nothacker.

Snorer—Theodore Alfred.

Long distance sleeper—Katherine Bumgardner.

MEMBERS

Ed. Alten, John Effinger, Florene Abbott, Clarence Schneider, Earl Tobin, Harry Work, Florence McClintock, Cora Brandt, Nellie Widener, Adolphus Quick.

Honorary Member—Father Adam.

Rule 1. Only those who habitually sleep in study periods are eligible to membership.

Rule 2. It shall be the duty of the president to expel any member who fails to sleep in some afternoon study period.

Rule 3. Any teacher who wakes any member of this club shall thereby incur the ill will of the whole club.

Rule 4. Two members meeting in the hall between classes shall compare the dreams of the period before.

Rule 5. Any member who disturbs a study period by loud snoring shall be given a bronze medal and pensioned the rest of the semester. The official snorer shall not be eligible to honors under this by-law.

Rule 6. Do not let your education interfere with your sleep.

Rule 7. (a) A Rip Van Winkle shall be the patron saint of the club.

(b). The offical song shall be "Please go 'way and let me sleep."

(c). The official badge shall be a representation of the setting sun.

Mr. Cassidy to Russell Barr.—"Work that tenth problem."

R. Barr—"Shall I work it on paper?"

Mr. C.—"No, work it on wood."

Russell did the problem "in his head" and Mr. C. seemed satisfied.

ATHLETICS

It is fitting that the opening of the sporting page of this book be made with notes of the first athletic contests upon which we entered. All the notes on all football games were destroyed at the great fire when Mr. J. Bloom was ordered to clean up after the exams., but if our memory has not failed we had a football team which could defeat Thurston, Junction City or even Logan (at Lancaster). Beyond this, we say nothing. Manager Ralph Vorys secured games with several good teams but because we were not in the Ohio High School Athletic association, they were cancelled and such towns as the above mentioned were rung in to fill the schedule.

Of course the games with our old rival, Logan, were the ones in which we were most interested, but a crowd of about twenty took an afternoon off and drove to Thurston to see Jay Leitnaker play. After driving nails hitched to a plow for a season, he has acquired such marvelous strength that he prohibited us from scoring the first half, but after we found his weak points the rest were easy and at the finish it stood 23 to 9 in our favor. At Logan many obstacles presented themselves; out-weighed, ten pounds to the man and lacking several players, playing on a cold, wet day, we were beaten 11 to 0. A game at Wellston the following day ended 12 to 0 with Lancaster on the little end.

But the game with Logan on our field proved our superiority over the Haw-Eaters. Only once during the game did we fail on defense and every gain was for ten yards or more. Abbott's fifty-yard run for a touchdown and Fortier's work at full were the features. Twice Logan's punts were blocked and only one time was there any chance for a score for them. Brown got the ball on a fumble and had an almost open field before him, but Kindler stopped him after a fifty-yard run by a sensational tackle. Lineup for the teams:

Lancaster H. S., 16		Logan H. S., 0
Miesse-McCleery	R.E.	Sparmen
W. Vorys	R.T.	Stiers
Miller,	G.	Warner
R. Vorys	C.	Matthias
Alten	L.G.	Hansel
Alfred	L.T.	Bebout
Smetters-Radebaugh	L.E.	Bort
Kiefaber	Q.B.	Smoots
Rissler	R.H.	Judy
Abbott	L.H.	Beveridge
Fortier	F.B.	Brown

Touchdowns—Fortier, 2; Abbott. Goal From Touchdown—Kie-

aber. Referee And Umpire—Ballinger and Warner. Time of Halves—20-25.

Results of other games were as follows:

At Junction City, 0; Lancaster, 42. At St. Patrick's (Columbus) 3; Lancaster, 0. At Kingston, 30; Lancaster, 0. At Lancaster, 0; St. Patrick's, 6.

A game at the opening of the season between two teams picked from L. H. S. ended 0 to 0. Lineup:

First Team, 0		Second Team, 0
Smetters	R.E.	Miesse
Endsley	R.T.	Miller
F. Wright	R.G.	DeLancy
W. Vorys	C.	R. Vorys
J. Wright	L.G.	L. Abbott
Nothacker	L.T.	Denny
B. Abbott	L.E.	Renshaw
(C.) Kiefaber	Q.B.	Radebaugh, (C.)
Fortier	R.H.	Kindler
Alfred	F.B.	Alten
Rissler	L.H.	Clover

Time Of Halves—20-15. Referee—Ballinger. Umpire—Acton.

Basket Ball.

That Lancaster High is tobe one of the foremost schools in Athletics in the near future was made manifest by the interest taken in the Basketball games this year. The first game was played at Amanda and our fellows won by so large a score that they were unable to keep account of it. January 15, 1910, the team took a trip down the valley to show the cities down the line a few points about the game.

At Logan we were entertained at Hotel de Centrale, and the the Skating Rink, the game being played in the latter place. Though handicapped by a low ceiling and many other obstables, we went through Logan faster than Hocking does, and showed them up before their own people. Lineup:

Lancaster, 19		Logan, 10
Kindler	R.F.	Sparnem
McCleery-Wright	L.F.	Kerr, (C.)
Miesse, (C.)	C.	Brown
Abbott	L.G.	Bort
Radebaugh	R.G.	Warner

Field Goals—Miesse, 5; Wright, Kindler, Radebaugh, Warner, Bort, Sparnem. Foul Goals—Miesse, 3; Sparnem, 3; Brown.

After a peaceful rest, undisturbed by animals or noise (?) the team went on down to Nelsonville. Here we met the stiffest proposition offered during the season. Nelsonville had not been defeated on their own floor this year, but the superiority of Lancasters' team work won, and to the tune of 31 to 27 we made

(Continued on Page 66.)

IN THE L. H. S. FIELD.

Now all day, I sit and think
Of things to say in Printers' Ink.
I talk in rhyme and not in prose,
My constant thought is The Top,
Hats, Furnishings and Made-to-order Clothes.
Say, Mr. Student, take my advice:
Secure a line that cuts some ice;
Do it now before it's too late,
For those are lost who hesitate.
Be the gun, not just the trigger,
Get to the front and cut some figure.
Take the short cut, which surely goes
P. D. Q. via The Top—Hats, Furnishings
And Made-to-order Clothes.

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Lancaster, Ohio.

ATLETICS—Continued.

them look like the proverbial J. Rabbit after Herr Thomas had pierced his anatomy with lead. An aggregation from Lancaster attended the game and doubtless they helped pile up the score:

Lancaster, 31		Nelsonville, 27
Kindler	R.F.	Jackson
Wright	L.F.	Baron.
Miesse, (C.)	C.	Hudlett, (C.)
Abbott	R.G.	F. Jackson
Radebaugh	L.G.	Greene

Field Goals—Miesse, 7; Kindler, 4; Wright, 4; Hudlett, 8; Jackson, 2; Baron, 2. Fouls—Kindler, Hudlett, 3.

The games at home were played in the High School gym and the crowds that attended filled the place to its capacity. The main trouble here with the games was in getting some one who could give us a contest; the games with Logan and Asheville were running races, the purple and gold winning, 64 to 7, against the former, and 56 to 12 against the latter.

With Junction City it was a little better, the visitors scored the first point, but when we once got into the going, it was the same story. They were a pretty healthy looking bunch when they came over, but when they went home they had a bitter pill swallowed, 46 to 12. Lineup:

Kindler-Miesse	R.F.	Maffitt
Wright	L.F.	Sawtelle
(C.) Miesse-McCleery	C.	Rarick, (C.)
Radebaugh	L.G.	Finck
Abbott-Smetters	R.G.	Studer

Field Goals—Miesse, 10; Wright, 7; Abbott, 2; Kindler, McCleery, Maffitt, 3. Fouls—Kindler, 3; McCleery, Maffitt, 6.

The final step for the uplifting and general advancement of athletics was taken on Monday, March 14, 1910, when at a meeting called by Mr. Brashares, at the request of the students it was decided unanimously to join the Ohio High School association. Several speeches were made by students and teachers, stating the causes for which we should join the association and the probable result to Athletics in the school. Try as he would Mr. Brashares could not get anyone to speak against the move, and as general thought had been along this line for weeks, when put to vote, all resounded the loud, "Aye."

A week later a second meeting was called for the election of an Athletic board, the election of a baseball manager and the collection of dues to meet initiation expenses. From seven nominees, Wright, Abbott, Acton and Radebaugh were elected as members of the board, of which Wright was made president and Acton secretary-treasurer. Mr. Brashares was chosen as faculty member. While the ballots of the first election were being counted it was suggested that the baseball manager be elected. Of the six names brought up Wright was elected. A collection of five cents per

capita was taken up, which would defray all immediate expenses.

At a later meeting Goss, Barr and Kindler were elected to take the places of Abbott, Wright and Acton on the Athletic board and Rissler was elected football manager for next year. This completed the work in athletics for the year.

THE KINGSTON TRIP.

While the Basket Ball team of Lancaster High School was making such a wonderful showing last winter, it was thought by some of the local students that they would like to see the team play at Kingston on March fourth. Kingston, it was who administered such an overwhelming defeat to the Lancaster Foot Ball team, so everyone looked forward to seeing that defeat avenged in Basket Ball.

It was not a large delegation which went, but one which represented the spirit that every student should have in regard to athletics. The crowd (besides the team) consisted of Misses Edna McCleery, Mabel Clare Smith, Elisabeth Whiley, Lauretta Harbison, Dorothy Whiley, Mary Alice Swope, Grace Courtwright and Olive Whiley and Messrs. C. C. McCracken, Theodore Alfred, Fred Rissler, Frank DeLancy and Flowers Nothacker.

A delay of about twenty minutes was necessary at Obetz Junction, where the jolly bunch enjoyed themselves in a two by four grocery store. The only shocking thing that happened during the stay was that Abbott stepped on the third rail.

The destination was finally reached and a search instituted for something to eat. It was indeed a search! There was one restaurant, which was scarcely worthy of the name, to which everyone rushed. But alas! had the pure food men inspected this neglected spot on the map, they would have been horrified at what they found. Naturally the Lancasterians who were not accustomed to such stuff began to hunt for food. They ended by eating crackers and cheese in a grocery store.

It seemed almost an eternity until the game was to begin, but the hour finally arrived and a large crowd was present to see the contest—a crowd whose size would probably triple that of any in Lancaster. At the sound of the whistle all became quiet and the game began. It is useless to detail the plays. Suffice it to say that it was a hard-fought contest from start to finish. Kingston remained in the lead most of the game, but in the last five minutes the tables were turned and Lancaster pulled out victorious.

Immediately following the game there was a dance, but few were able to enjoy it, owing to the tiresomeness of the trip. At eleven o'clock the car left Kingston carrying a tired, sleepy bunch.

JUST LIES.

Such large crowds were in attendance at the foot ball games last fall that Eagle Park was taxed to its utmost capacity.

Miss McCleery will hold her Astronomy class in the evening next year and the meeting place will be Rising Park. No visitors allowed.

Fred Rissler and Harry Goss have ordered a car load of chewing gum for their personal use the next time the class of 1911 gives a picture show.

Miss Perfect has stopped curling her hair.

So many beautiful pictures and statues have been presented to the school this year that it will be necessary to put the overflow in the gymnasium.

To insure a large class in Virgil for next year, Miss Curtiss has promised never to give more than fifteen lines for one lesson.

The board of education has decided to have a dance at the High School building every Monday night next year. A good orchestra will be in attendance.

Mr. Thomas never makes long speeches in chapel.

The Honor System was such a success in the Senior Room this year that it has been adopted throughout the entire school for next year. No deportment grades will be issued hereafter.

Mr. Bloom hasn't swept the building for three months. He also allowed the pupils to wade through the deep snow all winter.

The Junior class gave "The Heavenly Twins" in the auditorium early in April.

We hereby extend our thanks to all those who have so generously cintributed apparatus for the gymnasium. We now have a fine equipment, incuding parallel bars, vaulting horses, a punching bag, Indian clubs, dumb bells, etc.

Robert Hannum has signed a contract never to argue again.

The picnic given by the Senior girls in the gymnasium, March 31st, was a complete fizzle. Refreshments were provided in such small amounts that not even the teachers had enough to eat.

The 1910 pennant, stolen at the Junior reception last year, was returned in good condition at Christmas time and is now hanging on the east wall of the auditorium.

At the instigation of Mr. Brashares, the second year class organized during the year. The following officers were elected: President, Theodore Alfred; Vice- President, Olive Whiley; Secretary-Treasurer, Ralph Vorys. They have given several delightful parties since that time.

Foot Ball Motto—"Soc et tu em."

—oo—

Motto for young lovers. "So fa and no father."

Joseph J. Miller,

Merchant Tailor.

Martens Block,

North Broad Street.

WANTED.

Mr. Hawk—A brick to throw at Fred R. when he goes to sleep in my study hall.

Robert H.—Someone to make love to.

Mr. Brashares—Some device to shoo chickens and kill microbes.

The Juniors—Someone to help us keep our secrets.

The Freshman—Something to take off greenness.

Miss Perfect—A mirror in each room, so that I can take the one I have in my cloak closet home.

The Whole School—To be allowed to dance at noon and get out at 2:15.

The Chemistry Class—Some girls to join the class, so that Hawk will be in a better humor on bad days.

The Virgil Class—About a dozen ponies to carry them over the ruins of Troy.

The Freshman, Juniors and Sophomores—An honor system so that we can be good like the Seniors.

Foot-Ball Team—Some schools that we can beat, to challenge us.

The Astronomy Class—An eclipse of the moon every two weeks, at least.

By Student Body—A spring vacation.

Once upon a time a wee Freshman entered that great hall of learning, known as the Lancaster High School. He gazed with mingled feelings of awe, admiration and wonder.

Just then an exceedingly gay and giddy bunch of Sophomore girls appeared. How happy and light hearted they seemed. So he said to himself, "I will take these for a model and will be ever free from care."

However, as he was about to go prancing down the hall, he perceived another personage approaching. He bore himself haughtily and seemed to look with disdain upon all who could not add to their name that wonderous title a Junior. "Surely" he thought, "it must be bliss indeed to be one of a class so great. Therefore I will follow closely in his footsteps in order that I may learn his art."

But Alas! His plans were checked once more. There in the doorway stood a Senior. How sedate his mien, how benevolent his glance. "Truly, I have found my model at last," he cried. And he fell down and worshipped, arose and went away, a wiser Freshman.

Miss Perfect (lecturing on discipline in Junior English class)—Is it not our good discipline upon which visitors always comment?

Hoyt Miller—No, it's our janitor.

The Boom-e-rangs.

S. Clover, H. Denny, B. Fortier, R. Vorys, come back when school commences.

C. Drinkle.—If Mr. Brashares calls on me today, I'll be up a tree.

R. Miesse.—Never fear, he'll call you down all right.

John H. Zink & Son,

THE MAIN STREET GROCERS.

Teas and Coffees a Specialty

Ask for Free Sample.

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PHONES No. 100.

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L. H. S. CIRCUS.

General Manager—Mr. Cassidy.
Ring Master—Mr. Brashares.
Animal Trainers—The Faculty.
Trick Ponies — "Cicero" and "Caesar." Ridden daily by Ralph D. and F. Abbott.
The Elephant—Theodore Alfred.
Monkeys (all kinds)—Class of 1913.
Clowns—Howard Hall, Earl Gray and Ed. Gillette.
Caliope—Mr. McCracken's orchestra.
Side shows.
The Midget—Forest Darfus.
Wild Man—Harold Clark.
Tom Thumb—Walter Conkle.
Snake Charmer—Harry Peet.
The What Is It—Pauline Tannehill.
Dears — Many, wild and easily frightened. Do not feed or tease.
The Fat Boy—Ralph Trout.
Living Skeleton—Margery Pierce.

Mr. Hawk.—"What are beats?"
Frank D.—"A sandwich of silence and sound.

Miss C.—"That's a pretty free translation."
Harry Goss—"This is a free country."

Miss D. (In History)—"Francis, at this time how old was Elizabeth?"
F. W.—"Let's see! Why, sixteen her last birthday."

P. Beck (Reading "Twelfth Night as Mr. Cassidy enters.) "Here comes the fool now."

Miss D. "Frank, along what line has the United States been developing politically?"
Busby. "Agriculture."

Miss M. "How is H-e-l-v-e-t-i-u-s pronounced?"
C. La Ross (excitedly.) "Hel-Hel—'
Miss M. "That's a bad place to stop."

Miss T. "How do the Freshmen keep those little caps on their heads?"
Mr. H. "Vacuum pressure."

Miss P. "Who was Joan of Arc?"
Paul Pairan. "Noah's wife.

Miss C. (in Virgil.) "Webb, how many feet have you?"
Webb. "Only two, but I ought to have six."

Mr. C. (acting as substitute in Algebra.) "Now is every one here? Anybody who is absent please speak up."

Miss P. "What can you say of Byron?"
R. Acton. "He was very beautiful, except his feet."

J. Kiger. "What would I ever learn in college?"
K. Griffith. "To express your ignorance in scientific terms."

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For Fine Confections,

ICE CREAMS,

Ices and Soda.

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AN HUMAN HERBARIUM.

These flowers we've tried to cultivate
For four swift passing years,
For on their smiles has hung our fate,
And on their frowns our tears;
And as they've ne'er permitted a weed
Upon their vast dominions,
We hope there ne'er will go to seed
One of their wise opinions.
Deep rooted in this soil are they,
And they simply will not fade away.
Our Principal—Sweet William is the flower I feign would name him
But alas, I fear so greatly that the pretty name might shame him.
Miss Davidson, a peach bloom, I'm sure you'll all agree,
Miss Perfect, why she truly is a blossoming Sweet P.
Miss Curtiss is a Lily, a tiger one: who knows.
And Miss Thomas is our dainty one, a modest spring Prim Rose.
In the day time Miss McCleery is a Sun Flower seen afar.
But by evening she has dwindled to a wee white Bethlehem Star.
Miss Musser is a Blue Belle, just every now and then,
And I tell you she will Balsam when she's left by all the men.
With her Bleeding Heart a quiver on its slender nodding stem;
While of simple Dutchman's Breeches Herr Thomas is our specimen.
Mr. Hawk, a Four O'clock, in the morning, did you say?
Perhaps some early riser's seen him happy on his way.
Mr. McCracken, a Touch-me-not to be handled with great care
Or our grades will take a slump to—nobody knows just where.
Now Juniors, we are leaving these perennials in your care
And we warn you there's not one who will stand for your hot air.
To glance at them they're harmless as any flowers that grow,
But just pick on one and you will find of thorns you didn't know.

Mr. H. "What goes through glass, besides a base ball?"

Artie K. "A base ball."

Miss P. "Russell, spell obstreperous."

R. C. "I can't spell it."

Miss P. "No, but you can act it."

After remarking in chapel that we had the largest Freshmen class in the history of the school, Mr. Brashares opened the Bible and read:

"Lord, how they are increased that trouble me."

WHAT EVERY JUNIOR KNOWS.

That he is not getting enough praise.

That he is a superior being.

That to know a Freshman means a refreshing knowledge of Nature.

That it is a great deal easier to get into the Junior class than to get out.

That the "Mirage" has a staff with decided editorial opinions.

That he can write.

That editors are very poor judges of literature.

That he could easily write a great deal more if he only knew what to write about.

That he would be able to save money if it didn't cost so much to run the Junior class.

That to become a Junior is the greatest thing to be accomplished in High School.

ALBERTA LAMB, '11.

"Papa," said Jeanette Elder—

"Yes, my dear."

"Why is it that, on a railroad, its the freight and not the steam that makes the cargo?"

Freshman. "What is a board of education?"

Mr. Hershberger. "The faculty's shingle."

Miss M. "Let me hear silence!"

Mr. Thomas (testing voice of a Freshman.) "What is tenor?"

F. Jewell. "Oh, that's just thin talk."

THE HIGH DIVE.

On the very first botany trip, Clarence Schneider distinguished himself by doing the high dive into Baldwin creek. In the run for the leap, he displayed a grace that would put even Mercury, the messenger of the gods to shame. As he left the bank his body described an hyperbola, the symmetry and perfection of which would have gladdened the heart of any geometrician. The crash into the water can be likened only to the launching of a battleship of the floundering of some huge denizen of the deep, and, as he paddled proudly to the shore, the valley reverberated with the plaudits of an admiring throng such as Tiber never witnessed.

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the Sophomore Class Meeting held this year;
On the thirteenth of December, 1909,
And every Sophomore was there on time
To see Brashares.

Their Olive Pearl was the leading girl
And she had them all in such a whirl,
That they didn't know Caesar nor Algebray,
Nor anything else the rest of that day,
Till they saw Brashares.

Oh my, oh me, you never did see
So many Sophomores filled with glee,
For plans had been made for a Sophomore Hop,
And everything was to be tiptop;
But they saw Brashares.

Oh Mr. Brashares! Oh Mr. Brashares!
Who took the Sophomores unawares
And simply said, "There is a reason"
Thus spoiling the fun of a joyful season,
Nobody cares.

MARGRETTA STEELE, '12.

Almost Distinguished.

Miss McCleery to Lucille Fortier in Commercial Geography—"Lucile, which are the most destructive, sparrows or worms?"

Lucile solemnly—"I don't know teacher, I never had sparrows."

A Freshman Facing Mr. McCracken.

His eyes burn
His teeth chatter
His legs shake
His bones rattle
H s hair is on end
When facing this spark of nature's fire.

There is a young man from H——— Station,
Who really is worse than Miss Nation
He began to pray,
When he heard our Hawk say;
The damned river will help vegetation.

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Ice Cream and Candies

THE BEST FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Meets All Tests.

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Millinery.

Program

For Class Day, Tuesday, June 7th, 1910, at 7:30 P. M.

Orchestra

Class Song - - Music and words by Webb I. Vorys

Orchestra

Class Play—Act I

Class History - - - - - - Margaret Bell Busby

Orchestra

Class Play—Act II

Class Prophecy - - - - - Anna Kathryn Lamb

Orchestra

Class Play—Act III

Orchestra

Class Motto:

Esse quam videri

Class Flower

The Daisy

Higbee of Harvard

Cast of Characters

Watson W. Higbee, from Montana. A good fellow with millions, who knows neither fear nor grammar - - - - - - - - - Ralph Acton

Hon. V. D. Withrow, a blue-blood ex-senator with a tall family tree and a short bank account - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Robert Hannum

Lorain Higbee, son of Watson. Champion athlete of Harvard. In love with Madge - Frances Wright

Theodore Dalrymple, called "Ted." Worked his way through Harvard. In love with Nancy - Karl Griffith

Higgins, the butler - - - - - - - Paul Beck

Nancy Withrow, the senator's daughter. An up-to-date, level-headed girl - - - - - Dorothy Whiley

Madge Cummings, from Montana. A quiet sort, with temper when needed - - - - Lauretta Harbison
Mrs. Ballou, the senator's sister from New York, who meets her second affinity at the eleventh hour - - - - - - - - - - - - Mary Hershberger
Mrs. Malvina Meddigrew, originally from Missouri. Must always be shown - - - Grace Courtright

---

Time, the present. Place, Boston and Montana.

Scenery for Act II, furnished by the Union Furniture Company, West Main street.

Class Officers

President - - - - - - Karl Franklin Griffith
Vice President - - - - - - Boyd R. Abbott
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - Francis J. Wright

Class Roll

Lola May Anderson
Pearl Leora Bair
Anna K. Baumgardner
Marie E. Baus
Helen Benner
Margaret Bell Busby
Ada Vera Carpenter
Grace M. Courtright
M. Elise Durain
L. Marie Feigley
Coral Agnes Glick
Lauretta G. Harbison
Mary Adelia Hershberger
Anna Katherine Lamb
Florence May McCleery
Relnah F. Miesse
E. Beulah Oberdofer
Viola Frances Shuey
Mabel Clare Smith
Mary Alice Swope
Aleen E. Townsley
Carrie C. Wagenhals
Florence M. Webster
Dorotey B. Whiley
Boyd R. Abbott
Ralph Acton
Paul G. Aten
Paul M. Beck
H. Clay Baumgardner
Frank S. Busby
Clark W. Claypool
Russell S. Cunningham
*Charles H. Drinkle
**Karl F. Griffith
Robert H. Hannum
James C. Kiger
Charles F. Miller
Samuel Renshaw, Jr.
Earl Tobin
Webb I. Vorys
Francis J. Wright

*First Honor
**Second Honor

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Because he is a gentleman not for hire,
A table that is a credit to host.
He's not writing this ad; it's a traveler's toast.

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JUNIOR JINGLES.

The Junior class in bright array,
Stands forth to show their banner gay
Now, let us at their features peep,
Before, perchance, they go to sleep.

——oo——

Minnie Amerine is modest and shy,
Though she knows all about cube root and PI.

——oo——

Elizabeth Whiley is jaunty and chic,
Society ways she has learned very quick.

——oo——

Margaret Sites is both wayward and winning,
And her bright eyes have sent many hearts spinning.

——oo——

Fred Rissler, a jolly good fellow is he,
Ye can tell by his smile and the light of his e'e.

——oo——

Though Russel Barr is tall and thin,
A business manager we've made of him.

——oo——

Harry Goss too, is very tall,
And in Ruth's opinion tops them all.

——oo——

Though beauty is said to be only skin deep,
We hope that Elsie may hers ever keep.

——oo——

The Priscilla of old has her rival today,
For Margaret Waters is both sad and gay.

——oo——

With a smile on his face and laugh on his tongue,
Hoyt Miller seldom if ever gets stung.

——oo——

Ralph Davis will ne'er make a statesman meek,
As he holds his opinions at least a week.

——oo——

Myrtle W. though tall and straight,
Would be bowed with care if she kept every date.

A. L., '11

THE LOST LAMB.

The principal came into the study room the seventh period one day and found no one in charge. Further search resulted in finding the teacher seeking diligently about the halls, cloak racks, office and recitation rooms. Being desirous of knowing why the study room was left thus unattended the principal asked sharply, "What's the matter- How does it come you're not in the study room? What are you hunting for down here?"

"Alberta Lamb is absent from the study room," answered the teacher meekly. "She was here this morning. I am trying to find out where she is and why she is not in the study room now."

"Quite right, quite right. If a man hath an hundred sheep and one of them wandreth away doth he not leave the ninety and nine alone in the wilderness and go to the mountains and seek the one wee Lamb that is lost? And if it be so that he findeth it, verily doth he not rejoice more over that sheep than over the ninety and nine that went not astray?"

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life goes by like a song;
But the man worth while
Is the man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

That's Mr. Bloom. Our janitor has two distinguishing characteristics. One of course is his industriousness; the other his cheerfulness. We students often go to him at the close of day troubled and weary, and tell him about our vexations. But does he harp on his worries! Well I guess not! He has probably been up the night before trying to keep the furnace going and is worried worse than we. But we don't hear anything about that. He just sympathizes with us, leads the conversation into other channels, tells us a few jokes and our troubles have mysteriously flown away.

WHAT MADE ME FAMOUS.

My red hair—Ruby Baxter.
My basket ball team—Edna Baumgardner.
My chapel talks—Mr. Hawk.
My orchestra—Robert Hannum.
My coiffeur—Miss Thomas.
My voice—Estella Moss.
My stories—Miss Davidson.
My pretty face—Helen Clarke.
My ahtletic prowess—Arthur Kindler.
My slowness—Frank Busby.
My disposition—Arthur Radebaugh.
My green neck-tie—Ellsworth Dickson.
My brown eyes—Margaret Miller.
My bewitching smile—Anna Dickson.
My little feet—Ed. Alton.
My good behavior—Clayton Burnett.
My splendid grades—Ralph Acton.
My literary society—Mr. McCracken
My laziness—Fortune Embick.

Oh, Caesar Pony! thou scorned by the Faculty,
How ill-exchanged is the work of Soph's for thee!
How do thy contents with the greatest joy
Uphold the Sophomores but their brains destrop!
Grades by thee to wondrous size have grown
By thy translations supposed to be their own.
At each report more pleased the Sophomores grow,
And round about their brilliant grades do snow;
But ere they pass, they one and all have found
That exams. do come and spread much sorrow round.
O, thou shade of goldsmith accept
Margretta Steele's apologies.

——oo——

Ed. Benner (In Ancient History) "Cato the Censor, worked his slaves and then sold them and bought new ones."

Junior (speaking of L. D. Thomas.) "He put an awful lot of feeling into his singing."

Senior. "Yes, but it must be awful to feel that way."

——oo——

Emile T. "Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday any more than mine?"

Ed. G. "Because he never told a lie."

——oo——

E. Benner. "When I get to heaven, I will ask Shakespeare whether he wrote all those plays people say he did."

Percy B. "Maybe he won't be there."

E. Benner. "Then you ask him."

——oo——

Freshie trying to solve a problem. "Oh, rats!"

——oo——

O, you spring vacation!

Wouldn't Change Thrones With a King.

Fisherman's luck means a wonderful catch once in a blue moon. But all moons are alike to the man equipped from our superb Sporting Goods stock.

Base Ball, Lawn Tennis, Post Cards, etc.

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G. Courtright indignantly. "Sir, were you speaking to me?"

——oo——

Miss D. "Didn't I tell you to be prepared with your history lesson?"

Florence H. "Yes, but I didn't think it was necessary. I have always heard that history repeats itself."

James Byrd. "I ch habe heute Morgen um sechs Uhr aufgestanden.'

Mr. Thomas. "Du hast einen Fehler gemacht, Herr Alten was ist der Fehler?"

——oo——

Ed. Alton. "He should have gotten up earlier to see Halley's comet."

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A WARNING.

Billy Brashares came to our school ro stay,
And teach the kids, give the grades and drive the drones away;
An' all the other teachers, when the lessons all are done,
Set around the office desk and has the mostest fun,
A-list'nin'.o the college tales that Billy tells about,
An' the Faculty 'll get you,
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out.

Onc't there was a little boy that wouldn't keep still,
When he went to school one day away up on the hill,
The pupils heerd him holler, an the teacher heerd him bawl,
And when they want to seek for him he wasn't there at all!
They seeked him in the study room, but he was nowhere 'bout,
An' the Faculty'll get you,
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out.

An' Billy Brashares says, when the dunces are blue,
An' the teachers cross and the wind goes woo-oo!
You better mind your parents, an' yer teachers fond an' deer,
And cher'sh them about you, an' dry the Flunkie's teer,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Faculty'll git you,
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out.

Miss T. "I am tempted to give this class a test."

Theodore A. "Yield not to temptation."

Miss Perfect. "Arthur Radebaugh, will you please run up those blinds?"

Mr. Hawk. "What measure shall I adopt to make you pupils learn your lessons?"

Roy D. "Try a meter stick."

Miss Mc. "Carrie, what is coral?"

Carrie W. "A coral is a little animal that grows in a moist climate."

L. Harbison happened to be looking thoughtfully at Frank B. one day

Frank. "Well, you needn't look as though you wanted to eat me."

Lauretta. "Oh no, I never eat greens."

H. Goss (quoting Hamlet.) "If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool."

Ruth M. O, Harry, this is so sudden."

There is No Accounting For Tastes

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Ohio Genealogical Society
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To the Class of 1910:

'Tis not the flamboyant class orator that reflects most credit to a college or High School. No one is by nature good or wise or great. Whoever attains honor or goodness does so by hard work and long struggle.

Now as you go forth from L. H. S. do not sit down and rest after the doors are closed behind you. Your instructors may have pointed out the way to you but the goal is reached by walking therein.

The law of affinity begins with chemical atoms and runs up to souls and to God. Strive on after better things, making yourselves more noble, more honorable, and more virtuous, a credit to yourselves and your country.

Respects of

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March 29, 1910, Deposits $120,433.39

May 20, 1910, Deposits .. $150,870.40

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